Mary Millington's

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WHiTEHOUSE

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- PROSTITUTION IN LONDON
- SEX IN BLACKBURN

It's not the custom ~with the Customs!

...a sexy fantasy dreamed up by a vivacious little Jamaican girl called Toots...

My name is Toots. I am called Toots because I was auditioning two months ago with a lot of other girls for a stripper's job in a London West End theatrical agent's office and the impressario was a Scotsman in a short Royal Stuart kilt. He called out to me from the end of the auditioning studio where I was standing with about twenty other girls. He said – that girl – that coloured girl with the toots – let's see you darling!

The man meant tits you see! And I knew it was me he was calling because I had the biggest pair of tits of all the English and the French girls who were auditioning for a troupe of six strippers wanted for a new West End strip musical. Everyone looked at me, the cameraman who was taking stills of the girls as they stripped, the manager of the theatre in which the show was to be put on, the angel who was putting up the money for the production and of course all the other girls waiting their turn. I looked down at the large breasts I knew were busting out of my auditioning leotards I had no bra on under the top and just a little snow white pleated skirt flaring out from the waist of the rehearsal costume and little white knickers on underneath and my legs and thighs all beautifully bare.

Everyone started to laugh as he said again – that girl with the toots – come out onto the floor! I stepped away from the other girls, the tape was switched on and I went into my routine. I danced as well as stripped, a speciality of mine that always

gets me good engagements in shows. As I danced I stripped off my white zipped-up leotard down to my bare breasts and little white knickers. I wondered as I looked at the handsome Scotsman as he watched me – if he was getting up a big prick under that sexy kilt of his and whether he had any drawers on underneath it. All the girls had been talking about that ever since they had set eyes on him as he had walked into the rehearsal studio.

I finished my strip by whipping off my little white knickers and displaying my bush of jet black hair through which I knew the pink of my cuntlips could be clearly seen. Of course, I got the job with five other girls he chose that day. I was the only coloured girl in the troupe and because of that and my talent for dancing as well as stripping exquisitely I was given a star spot in the show later on. Anyhow, the name stuck. From that moment on I was known as Toots to the girls in the troupe – to the theatre manager, the choreographer, the director and the producer.

The Scots impresario asked me to stay behind in the studio after the other girls had left and the troupe had been picked up by him. When we were alone I looked at his beautiful face and his wide shoulders inside the white silk open-necked shirt he was wearing and then down at the Royal Stuart tartan kilt he had on – a lovely red and yellow and black and blue and white thin-lined tartan. And I looked at his bare hairless knees over the tops of the tartan knee-high stockings he was wearing. He sat down on a chair and crossed his thighs and his kilt rode up and I saw a lot of naked, smooth healthy-looking thigh. I had put on short silk fiery mini-dress of scarlet flowers I had worn to the audition and I had no stockings or tights on underneath – just a small pair of satin yellow bikini knickers and no bra. The Scotsman had taken off his heavy sporran and I could see the point under his kilt where his thighs crossed over.

"You are a very beautiful and a very sexy young girl," he said. At twenty-two I think you will go a very long way in the business."

It was then he suggested that I would have a special strip-and-dance-spot choreographed in for me in the new show.

"Now," he said, "do I get any special reward for picking you and for arranging to make you the star of the troupe?"

I stood right in front of him and looked down suggestively at the hem of my short minidress. He took the cue and lifted it up in front and gazed at my little yellow satin knickers, pushed out in front in a graceful little curve of bushy black hair and puffy cuntlips.

"Tell me," I said, "I have heard in England that they say Scotsman never wear anything under their kilts. Is that really true?"

His bright blue eyes lit up in a smile that they caught from his lips.

"All the girls wonder that," he said.

"All the auditioning girls were talking about it," I said as he lowered the hem of my dress and I perched myself on the edge of the desk facing him and opened my thighs up a little so that he could have a permanent view up my dress at my yellow drawers as we talked. I saw his eager eyes taking in the sight.

"What do you think?" he smiled.

"I think you do wear knickers up under your kilt," I replied. "Because I think it is more fun for you to wear something than nothing so that when a girl is lucky enough to see up under it she sees something sexy before she sees what you have got inside them."

"You are a clever girl," he laughed, and stood up. "Kneel down and look up my kilt if you like," he went on. I got off the table and knelt down and put my head up between his straddled legs and thighs and, sure enough, I could see a very tiny little pair of white knickers up the kilt. He turned round and I saw his bottom under them as well.

"Smashing," I said as I stood up. "I bet you get a kick out of wearing a kilt don't

you?"

"It has its compensations," he laughed. He lifted the kilt up and I looked at his broad smooth, slightly tanned thighs and at the little white vee of the tiny tight linen knickers he had on. But under them I could see he was stiffening very quickly and his balls were real hard and round in the crotch of the garment.

"You asked me what you get for picking me and offering me a star spot in the show," I said. I put my hand over the smooth linen of his knickers and started to rub what I could well see now was the nob pushed up out of the shaft of his prick. He leant against the desk, holding his kilt up to his waist and opening his thighs. I put my other hand under his balls and rubbed them as well and watched his Scots cock swelling up quickly inside the white linen. When I saw that his prick was about to burst through I pulled his knickers down and let them flutter to his ankles. His hairy prick shot straight out and stood up, quite eight inches of it and, under it, this large pair of healthy looking balls. I bent down and started to glide my closed hand up and down the pulsing shaft, looking at the drop of glistening white come that had started to ooze out of the dark hole in the nob tip. He leant back on the desk on his arms and lifted his bottom free of the desk and straddled his powerful thighs out wide and I saw the pleats of his sexy kilt fanned out over his bottom. I wanked for a little while and he started to fuck through my hand so I kept my hand still to allow him to do so. Then he shot out his Scots porridge oats in spurts of white almost in my face and up into the air and down again onto my wrist and knuckles. He came a great deal and it was lovely.

By now I was very wet inside my yellow knickers and when he had finished coming and had pulled on his white knickers again and let down his kilt I laid on the desk on my back and opened my legs and bent them at the knees and stretched out my thighs. He was soon busy at my yellow satin drawers, rubbing the wet patch that had spread all over my crotch. After a while and he knew I was coming all the time he closed my thighs and pulled my drawers down and off. I opened up again and he put his mouth between my thighs and sucked me. I writhed again his mouth and felt his tongue going right in and up me. Then he knelt over me on the large desk so that his thighs were wide open over my face and I was looking up his kilt at his white knickers as his mouth went down between my open thighs. As he went on sucking me I put my hand up his kilt and rubbed his hard balls and felt his stiff prick inside the white linen. I brought him off again inside his knickers and my fingers got sticky and wet from the come that came through the thin white material and this made me orgasm even more, against his open mouth.

Well – all that happened last month and I am now busy rehearsing for the musical that opens in a large West End theatre. In my pad I have, in my bedroom, a lovely large real old-fashioned genuine brass bedstead and from time to time when I am feeling randy, I have my Jamaican boyfriends on the bed with me for fucking. Jamaican men have longer and thicker cocks than white men but there is something about the beautiful bodies of white men that fascinates me, with their pink or creamy-coloured cocks with the large red nobs instead of the very dark and even black Jamaican cocks with purple nobs. And I like the large, smooth, round bottoms of the white men and their muscular thighs. In particular I liked what I saw of that Scotsman at the rehearsal studio that day of the audition. I am a highly imaginative girl you know and often I will lie on my lovely large brass bed and dream-up the most delightful fantasies. And that Scotsman, Jock of course, he is called, features a great deal in my fantasies. For instance – here is a very naughty one I dreamed up only last night...

Jock comes into my room wearing this fantastic short white kilt flecked by red and light blue tartan stripes and a shiny black shirt and silver belt and black knee-high stockings. He is really a very big broad man and that is one of the reasons he fascinates me so much for I am quite small. I make him coffee and we smoke cigs as he lies on the bed with me. I am wearing a very very short silk minidress with a lovely contemporary pattern in blues and violets and reds. I have no stockings or tights on and of course a brilliant little pair of white knickers on – all lacy legs and high cut. No bra over my breasts with the large stiff chocolate-coloured nipples like whipped walnuts. His legs are up at the knees on the bed and his thighs loll open and I look and see up his kilt and he is wearing bright red satin knickers.

Then the scene changes and he is stark naked on the bed with me. I have a lovely pair of light tight men's jeans and a light blue checky shirt in my wardrobe. I ask him to put them on so that I can see what he looks like dressed as an ordinary man. He puts them on and he looks quite fantastic in them, but I still really prefer him in his kilts and shirts. He says can he borrow the trousers and the shirt and wear them when he leaves my pad and can he leave his shirt and kilt with me for a while? I say but yes of course you can and he says he has to go to a conference about the show when he leaves me and it would be a change to go dressed in ordinary clothes. So I say yes and I will probably try your kilt on when you have gone!

So he strips off again and is naked for me. On the bed I see him now for the first time like a real man with a white bottom and lovely full masculine thighs and very kittle hair. He has largish breast-shapes and big nipples. But it is his prick I love most – like a Scottish caber at the Games!

Suddenly I go all weak at the knees and want it up inside me for the first time in my fantasies all sorts of things happen to me – some of them I know I would never do or have happen to me in real life. Now I fantasise that I want it up my back. I don't mean up my asshole as I know this is wrong really even though lots of my Jamaican girlfriends do take asshole fucks from Englishmen. No, I want it up me from behind. So I kneel on the bed and he kneels behind me and it is fantastically super as the huge stiff thing – tanned against his white body – slides and slips up into me as he holds me on my hips and kneels up on one knee to get it all in. I look down between my open thighs and see his balls dangling between his thighs before they start to grow hard and round and large and strong and stop dangling as they get pulled up under his prick.

It is a quite fantastic screw, for this Scotsman has great control over his body and does not come for a long time but all that time he goes in and out – swelling up bigger and bigger and stronger and stronger inside me and I can feel his nob is swelling up as well until it is wider even than the sides of his cock inside me. Then, not being able to stand it any longer I say "come – please come now" and a second or so later I feel the really hot sensation of it all coming out into me and spurting up into my womb as well because he has so pressed up against my cervix that he has opened it up and the stuff is free to spurt through the hole and into my womb. If I was not on the Pill I would be on the way to having quads, that's for sure!

After a while he is out of me and we lie on the bed and kiss and cuddle. There is more coffee which I make, still stark naked, and he watched me as I poured it out on the tray I have brought in from the kitchen. My pubic hair is all bushy and black for I have combed it out for him to see and my cunt-lips are amazingly, brightly pink and scarlet after having had me him up me. As we smoke cigarettes on the bed I look at his semi-limp prick and say, "how does it feel to have it? I mean, to have a thing like that between your legs and those heavy balls as well?"

"It feels great," he says.

"And how does it feel when it grows stiff?"

"Since I wear a kilt," he replies, "it doesn't matter when it gets stiff when I am with a girl, or at a party, or anywhere in fact, for it does not show you see – under my sporran."

"And do girls put their hands up your kilt at parties?" I say.

"Very often. That is why I always wear something under it you see," he says. "It's much more glamorous for a girl to feel briefs when she puts her hands up me than to feel my balls or prick right away."

"Men are lucky," I continue, "to have such a fascinating thing that gets stiff and so big."

"Girls have slits and holes that gape open and get wet," he grins at me. "Surely that is a nice sensation isn't it?"

"It is nice" I agreed, "but I still think it must be much nicer for men to have what they have got."

And I open his thighs wide and begin to fondle his balls and watch them as they swell up and grow rounder and rounder and get pulled up under his prick and his prick starts to rise up and get stiffer and stiffer and longer and thicker every second with his heartbeats pulsing it up and up. I watch as the flesh suddenly rolls back to reveal his red nob with its beautiful symmetrical shape, contoured so evenly and so perfectly, the two spheres joined closely together to make an exquisite shape – pulled down at the back by the little pink fleshy cord and with the little dark hole dead centre in it.

I get between his open thighs and lie on my tummy on the bed looking straight up at it. I can see the slit of his bottom dividing he cheeks again in perfect symmetry and, making him raise his bottom up off the bed, I trace with my finger, the dark slit as it leads up to the only hole a man has in his body. I tickle it and agitate the rim and feel it grow hard against my fingertip and open up a little.

I feel I want to have his nob between my lips so I kneel over him and look down at the shiny wet nob and taking he shaft in my hand I lower my lips and open my mouth and take him in. He tastes clean and salty and velvety to the lips. I flutter my tongue across the satiny surface and my hand slips down to hold his slowly moving balls in their bag. At the same time I let my finger wander up his slit to titillate his hole. He raises his bottom up off the bed towards me and I let him move his prick up and down inside my mouth until I can feel his nob touching the back of my throat at each inward and upward thrust. I begin to suck him in earnest, feeling that it is really possible to suck the sperm from a man with the mouth and so to

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weaken his resistance with the delightful sensation of hot wet lips on his nob as to really cause his spunk to rise up from his body from his balls and to get drawn out. Inside a girl's cunt there is a vacuum formed and that certainly draws out and sucks out the stuff accompanied at the same time by the friction to the naked nob brought on by the rapid movements inside it.

I suck away at the lovely man for some time – feeling his graceful body yielding to my mouth as his thighs start to tremble and the cheeks of his bottom commence quivering. Already I can taste the sticky fluid that comes from him before he really starts to come. Then I feel the throbs starting in his stiff shaft and in his bottom – for the same pulsations occur there as they do in his prick and I know I am now really sucking it out of him. I fantasise that I can feel the hot fluid rushing up his stem and now it is gushing out into my mouth and hitong hot against the back of my throat. I am used to this with men so it is no effort to swallow it. He is throbbing and pulesting now completely from his prick, through the slit between his bottom and right up to his hole. It is all a quiver of spasms as the stuff is pumped out of him and drawn from him into my mouth.

Then a little bit of drama and adventure enters the scene in my highly-coloured imagination. He tells me, after he has gone down and his prick is once again soft and graceful between his thighs and over his balls, that he has one or two other business activities as well as being a theatrical impressario. What can they be I ask him and he says he will tell me of one for he thinks I will be able to help him. From a small briefcase he has brought with him he takes anme very beautiful and very expensive solid gold and silver watches. I get thaec from Paris he tells me. They are smuggled into England by various contacts of mine and over here I sell them for good prices. Now, he goes on, I would like to send you over to Paris in-between rehearsals for the musical show, with all expenses paid and a nice cash bonus for you as well, tax free and no-one knows a thing about it, you see?

What would I have to do I ask him? It is simple he replies I send you to Paris to a certain man at a certain address. He will give you some watches to put into a false bottom of a case I will provide you with. Many thousands of pounds worth of watches. You will pack them in the case under the false bottom and you will be careful to wear one, or perhaps two, lesser priced and less expensive watches on your wrist under your sleeve. When you reach the British Customs and they ask you anything to declare – you are honest and pull up the sleeve of your dress and say – look, this watch – or these watches. I wish to declare them as they are presents for friends here in England – in London. The Customs man is impressed by your honesty and he looks at the watches and prices them as so-and-so and such-and-such and out of the money for this purpose my contact in Paris has given you, you pay the Customs man for the watches. He is pleased that you have declared them and is impressed with your honesty. He does not, therefore suspect that you might have yet more watches hidden in your luggage. He goes through your luggage but does not suspect anything false about it for you have declared those two watches you see? So your baggage is cleared and you can leave. Here, in London you bring the case to me and I take the watches out and you get – a thousand for your troubles?

In my fantasy I am very thrilled and excited. It seems to be simple and easy and the rewards will be good. So I agree to do this for him. He is very pleased and at once I see his prick is growing hard again he is so pleased with me. Of course, I melt in his arms once again and he is at me with his busy fingers, poking me to my womb and taking my little clit between finger and thumb and pulling it out and rubbing it and kneading it and then sucking it until I imagine it is my prick and it will soon come into his mouth. We Jamaican girls have longer and bigger clitorises than English girls or any white girls. Some of us when we are young and know what they are for pull and stretch them so that when we are grown-up they stand out at the top between our lips and the man can see them vivid and red. This I know is the case now, for Jack has looked at mine and has been able to take it between his finger and thumb and also between his lips and suck on it to make me come.

"Next week," he says, as we are resting on my bed again, "next week I will come here again and give you the details of my contact in Paris – the address to which you are to go and he will be instructed to give you the case full of watches in the secret compartment and you will pack some of your clothes on top of them. He will give you two watches like these I have shown you."

When I was dressed again in my little floral minidress he tried the watches on and covered them with the sleeve of my dress and said yes – wear this little dress on your return from Paris and the watches my contact will give you – for you to show to the Customs man – you understand?

I say yes – I understand. Before he goes he straddles me again and fucks me while I lie on the bed on my back and he is between my legs – doing it to me the English way. I am delighted and I feel that I must surely love this man.

A little later he dresses in my tan trousers that I have lent him. I do not wear them for they are men's trousers, and the blue shirt too and they are too big for me. They belong to a man who fucked me on this bed in this room and left them for me to look after them and I have not seen him again. But I do not tell Jack and he thinks they are mine. He looks very good in them and with his blue eyes and his shock of longish dark hair he is magnificent. I say I will see him in a week this very day and that weekend I will go to Paris and back for him – on the Saturday evening coming back the Sunday night. I will make you a star – Toots darling he

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says to me!

After he has gone, leaving behind his sexy white tartan kilt and his black shirt and belt and sporran I try the kilt on. I have to wrap it round me a little more than he does for my waist is very very slim. The kilt is far too long for me and the black shirt far too big so I put them both safely away. I hope that the contact in Paris is French and good looking for I have heard the Frenchmen make good lovers and maybe I will be fucked by the contact before I leave Paris to fly back to London. I am excited – for I am to be a star stripper in the big musical in London and I will also earn a thousand pounds for smuggling the watches back into England.

When I got off my brass bedstead and shook myself out of my fantasy I began to wish for the Scotsman and for all that I had pretended was taking place on my bed with him I rang him up and he invited me to his place I dressed in a pink miniskirt and red top and red knee boots of real leather and went out. I arrived at his pad and he greeted me, in a white kilt, just the very same as in my fantasy, and he wore a black shirt and a broad silver belt as well! I found it difficult to disassociate myself from my fantasy in my bedroom on my brass bed and the truth of the matter, that I was with my Scotsman alone in his pad and that he was dressed exactly as I had had him dressed in my daydream!

I did not tell him of my daydreams, I do not think he would have understood how a little Jamaican girl like me could think of such things! I do not mean the sex things, I mean the silly things about the watches and the Customs man. But I knew I would have to lie on my bed again soon and dream it all back again, dream and fantasise that I was indeed on my way to Paris to bring back the smuggled watches and to play the game of wits with the Customs man!

Jock and I spent a beautiful evening together and his naked body, which I at last really saw in the flesh was as beautiful as it had been in my fantasy on my bed. I specially asked him to do me from the rear as I had pretended he was doing to me in my fantasy. He did so, but instead of me kneeling up on a bed he had me bending down low over an armchair in his lounge and in a tall mirror on a wall by our side I was able to watch him going in and out of me. This brought my fantasy back to me in living colour and sensual action! When, much later, I got home by taxi to my pad – and opened the door of my bedroom, I saw my bed welcoming me. I stripped down to nothing and lay on it – and in a very few moments I started to continue my fantasy

The time has arrived and Jock is in the back of my bedroom, wearing those tan trousers I lent him and the blue shirt. He has opened his briefcase and taken out two lovely watches and is trying them on my wrists. I am wearing the little floral mini-dress he has asked me to wear for the visit to Paris. Remember, he says, that you will have one thousand pounds from me on your return, with the case full of the other watches! I say yes, that will be fine. He gives me money, plenty of it, for my expenses and already the money is French! I have had my passport renewed so this is o.k. He hands me the name and address of Francois Valouise of the Champs Elysees in Paris where I am to go. This is Saturday morning and the rendezvous is for this very evening at that address!

Jock drives me to the airport and soon I am on the plane and heading for Paris. I am wearing a smart new coat over my pretty mini-dress, tan tights and little lavender knickers under my tights next to my flesh for, if Francois is an attractive man, and Jock has said he is, I will not wish to be hampered with tights but will much prefer the man to see me in my red leather boots and bare thighs and lavender drawers! He will love the lavender against the rich darkness of my skin!

Then we were touching down at the airport just outside Paris and I am in a cab to take me to Francois Valouise in the Champs Elysee. The journey is very exciting for this is my very first visit to Paris. Soon, I can see the Eiffal Tower and then we are driving down past the Arc de Triomphe, past the Gare du Norde and into the Champs Elysees and we have stopped outside the apartment of Francois. It is an imposing building in old Parisian architectura I suppose, for it appears to be very ornate and very old. Now I stand outside the door of the apartment in which he lives and I ring the bell. In a moment it is answered by a smart French maid in a black silk dress and little white apron. She had red hair and blue eyes and a sweet smile and her dress is very very short. She bends down to pick up a stray paper on the floor of the hall of her apartment and I see up her dress and she is wearing black silk stockings with suspenders and the tops of her white thighs are naked. Already this is the French way of life, I think!

Francois is a very handsome young Frenchman with lots of black wavy hair, deep-set dark eyes – a tanned face and a beautiful smile full of flashing white teeth. He is wearing a canary-yellow crewneck sweater and tight, tight black flared trousers. In his drawing room there is a drink or two and presently the pretty French maid comes in with a silver tray of tea.

She is very beautiful," I say to Francois as the maid leaves the room

"Ah – so" he smiles. "She also has a very pretty bottom!"

I open my eyes wide. "But you have seen it?" I ask in mock surprise.

"But of course," smiles Francois – pouring out the tea. "I observe it when I wish to – as the English say – to have it away."

"She is a fuck for you then?" I say.

"But yes," he says with an expansive gesture of his open hands. "A maid in Paris is for making the beds, serving the coffee and the tea and for serving her little bottom or her little cunt when it is desired." He blows a kiss into the air.

"And what a cunt," he declared.

"Would you mind if I removed my tights?" I asked. "They make me feel too warm.

"I will be charmed," he replies as I stand up and, in front of him lift up my mini-dress, for I have already removed my coat – and pull down my tan hipster tights in front of his fascinated gaze – revealing for a second the sharp vee of my lavender knickers edged with delicate white lace. I step out of my tights which he at once picked up from the floor and kisses between the legs right in the centre of the crotch that for hours had been pressed against the crotch of my knickers, tight up between my hot thighs. He handed them to me.

"Enchanting," he murmured as I put the tights away into my handbag. I sat down on an armchair facing him and sipped my tea and accepted his proffered cigarette

"Do you fuck?" he enquired pleasantly looking at my bare thighs crossed one over the other.

"I fuck a lot," I say to him pleasantly. "I find my brown body and my black hair and my pink cunt are very much in demand by the English. They also like my tits," I went on "and that is why I am called Toots!"

"Toots! That is a sexy name," laughed Francois. "Yes, indeed," he said, looking at the curvacious rise under the top of my mundress and at my bare thighs again. "I can well comprehend the Englishmen wishing to have your exquisite body. Do you do it for love or for money?"

"For love," I say "I make a great deal of money at my profession as a stripper so that when I fuck I do it because I like the man whom I am with – even if I do not love him. And your maid?" I said.

"Ah, Maregurite she is my personal maid and she fucks as part of her services for which I pay her" he explains. "She is also adept at the art of sucking. Do you suck?" he asks.

"When I see a prick I desire to suck," I smiled back at him.

"You will of course sleep here tonight," says Francois "and tomorrow morning we will conduct brief business before your departure back to London. Meanwhile, you will do me the honour of dining out with me and we will go to the Comedie Francaise to see the play?"

"It will be very pleasant." I say, feeling pleased that I have packed my long silver evening dress.

"So," says Francois with evident satisfaction, "Maregurite will see you to your bedroom and give you any assistance you may wish." He presses a bellpush and in comes the attractive redhaired young maid. I am in a small pink bedroom beautifully furnished and Maregurite is bending over the divan bed unpacking the few things in my travelling case including the silver evening gown and some fresh white and pink lace knickers. She holds them up and looks at them with appreciation I have taken off my dress and am standing by the bed now in my lavender drawers and the rest of me is bare for I have removed my red leather boots before having a quick bath and dressing to go out for the evening. The maid looks at my bare body with her wide blue eyes. A moment or so later she is in the bathroom with me. The hot water is already drawn and I take off my lavender knickers which she takes from me as I step into the bath. She lifts up her little black silk dress and white apron and shows me her long black silk stockings, red garterbelt and tiny white broderie anglais knickers.

"You like girls no?" she says, smiling at me.

"I have not yet had lovemaking with girls," I reply, beginning to soap myself down.

She takes the soap from me and, as I stand in the bath which is sunken, her hands are easily able to go straight to my tummy and from there to my thighs. I allow her to soap right in between my thighs and feel her soft hands rubbing the fragrant soap into my slit. This is the first time I have ever had a girl's hands on my body and between my legs. With her other hand she starts to massage my breast with soap, making my nipple rise up stiff and red against my dark skin Now, as I allow her to rub me between my thighs, I feel my slit and my hole starting to widen and to open up and it is not long before two of her fingers are in me and up me. I stand still, thighs parted as she brazenly masturbates me, smiling at me as she does so out of her bright blue eyes. I begin to love the sensation of a girl's hands on my breast and on my cunt and resign myself to her caresses.

I look at myself in a square mirror over the bath facing me and the thought strikes me that this is a two way mirror and that, the other side, Francois is looking at the maid masturbating me In case this is so, I decide to give him a good show for his trouble. So I open my thighs wide and put one leg on the edge of the sunken bath so that my soapy cunt is fully exposed to his possible gaze. Maregurite seems delighted with this move, for she bends down to be able to look up between my open thighs and to insert her busy fingers more deeply into me. The bathroom is filled with the sloshy and slippery sound of her two fingers going

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quickly up and down inside me. I am really coming now and she is no longer rubbing my breast but her other hand is at my bottom and in a second I feel her long finger penetrating my asshole deeply. The double delight makes me tremble and I begin to orgasm quite frantically. Then, after a while, she withdraws all her fingers from me, I slip down into the bath and she washes me quickly all over in the warm scented water, and I stand up for her to dry me.

Later that evening on our way back from the Comedia Francais which we visit after a beautiful dinner in the Cafe Royale, I ask Francois, as she drives the car back to the apartment, if he enjoyed what he watched in the bathroom earlier in the evening.

Without embarrassment and realising I am a clever one and a perceptive girl he laughs and says "I was enchanted with your body and the way in which you responded to Matagunte. Do you go with girls as well?"

I tell him the maid had been the very first girl ever to touch me intimately. I told him that I was often approached by lesbians who want to make use of my body but that I do not respond. I add that I responded to your maid for I felt sure you were watching through the two-way mirror and I did not want to disappoint you or to embarrass Maragurite who is after all, a very beautiful and a very desirable girl. But I add that I enjoyed the experience very much and that I came many times under the skilful hands of Maragurite.

"Ah so," he says, very well pleased with my honest reply. Then we ers back in his apartment and in the dining room where the maid, still looking adorable and fresh, serves us a cold supper. As she bends down with her back to us to serve some salad I see her pretty brodens anglaise drawers again and her small round bottom and have this strange feeling that is rather like orgasms and wonder if I am really desiring this beautiful redhead and would like to run my hand up her dress and inside her drawers and feel what it is like to play with a girl's wet cunt instead of with a man's stiff prick. So my fantasy goes on, and the meal is finished and Francois conducts me to my bedroom. I am in my room and naked down to the white transparent drawers I have worn all evening under the silver evening gown when there is a knock on the door and it is Maragurite.

"Come in," I say, a little surprised that it is not Francois but pleased to see Maragurite still in her devasstatingly sexy black dress and apron and black silk stockings.

"Monsieur Francois has asked me if there is anything else you wish for the night," she said. I looked quickly at a long mirror over the mantlepiece which exactly faces the bed and wonder is this yet another two-way mirror behind which, in another room, Francois is watching, possibly with a stiff prick in his hand? I made my mind up quickly, "Yes Maragurite, there is something else I would like," I say.

"And that is?" queried Maragurite with a dazzling smile.

"I would like to feel and to see and to smell and to taste your wet cunt," I say, all at once.

The maid's smile grows even more dazzling. "You may do as with pleasure Madame," she says. She lifts up her black silk dress and apron, pulls down her pretty white knickers and puts them on the bed. Then she sits on the edge of the bed – opens her thighs up wide and places her now stockinged feet onto the edge of the bed and lies back so that I am presented with a thrilling view of the white, naked and highly sensual flesh of this young girl.

I kneel down in from of her between her open thighs and hope that if indeed Francois is watching us from behind the mirror above the high mantlepiece and that, looking down into the room he is able to see Maragurite's pink and open flesh and what I am about to do to it. I put two fingers into her dark opening which is surrounded by her scarlet wet gaping lips which in turn are fringed with her fiery red hair. Now, for the first time, I am looking straight at a girl's cunt, seeing the deep mysteries, the moving and secret mysteries of it as it pulses open and shut, sucking my fingers in, grasping them with the moving muscles, soaking them with the flowing juices. I masturbate her for some long time, listening to her moans and her cries and her whimpers and watching the tremblings of her inner thighs and seeing her bottom rising and lowering itself as I penetrate her even more deeply until I am touching and feeling what I know to be her cervix – the way into her womb.

Then I take my fingers out and attempted to start to suck her for she is wide open now and I can smell the fragrant scents of her femininity coming from her. So I go forward and, in an instant, my mouth closes on her fleshy lips each side of her pulsating cunt and I am sucking them, my tongue goes right into her pulsing hole and I can feel it being sucked into her. After a little while I come away from her and look at her – searching for her clitoris. I find it projecting from between her gaping lips and I take it with my finger and thumb and start to rub it quickly, watching it swell up under my touch and create a white froth in her hole as she begins to lash out in her fury of orgasms.

She lifts her beautiful body right up from the bed, balancing on her elbowe and her feet, her short black dress hanging down from her slim waist behind her onto the bed. She looks like an acrobatic dancer as her hips and pelvis undulate. For me, I am already soaking wet in my transparent white drawers and my own cunt has started to pulse on its own at the erotic sight that confronts me. With a shock I realise that I am actually coming as I masturbate this marvellous girl, the first time I have ever indulged myself in lesbian practices. I wonder to myself if Francois is watching all this time and wondering if after all I am not a lesbian and therefore of no use to him. I have been in his care now for several hours and I have not yet seen his prick nor has he seen my naked cunt. Instead, I have let his maid have carnal knowledge of me and now I am having carnal knowledge of her.

I finish at last, and withdraw my aching fingers from her clitoris and her hole. As I stand up she lets her feet down onto the floor, closes her thighs and sits up. Her face is flushed and hot, her blue eyes burning, her hair dishevelled.

She smiles her brilliant smile at me. That was truly exquisite, darling, she says as she stands up and takes her pretty drawers and puts them on under her crumpled and cressed silk dress and white apron. She looks beautiful as she stands there, her dress up to her waist, pulling her knickers tightly into her cunt, her flesh showing above her stocking tops.

"You are a wonderful lover darling," says Maragurite and she kisses me full on the lips.

"But I am not," I protest. "This is the first time I have ever touched a girl."

"It matters little that it is the first time," smiles Maragunte. "You have an exquisite touch and you know what to do to a girl." She looks at me in my transparent white drawers. "Do you wish that I fuck you darling," she asked. "It is very good."

I smile and shake my head. "I have had such a long day," I say, "and tomorrow I have to fly back to England."

"I understand," she says. She takes one more look at the little drawers that I am wearing and bids me goodnight. In my continuing fantasy, I turn down the beddothes of the now rather crumpled bed and get between the cool pink silk sheets gratefully. I lie for a long time thinking that it had to be in Paris that I was to have my first lesbian experience and that this was the very last thing I ever had in mind when I accepted Jock's suggestion that I go to Paris on this business for him over the smuggled watches. In the semi darkness of the pink bedroom I look at the long mirror over the mantlepiece and wonder if Francois had indeed been the other side watching me naked in my transparent knickers, sucking and poking his maid, looking at the very place where indeed his prick that I had not seen, must go when he himself has her.

I sleep fitfully for my sleep is disturbed by waking dreams of Jock in his kilts and his knickers, of the sex we had together, of me and my rehearsals for the forthcoming musical show in London. Of the flight to Paris only a few hours ago and the bath when Maragunte first approached me and then of the scene with the compellingly beautiful maid just a little while ago. I wonder how enamoured Francois might be of her and I lie and think – perhaps he has not come to me for he is in love with Maragunte and anyway I am a coloured girl and she is beautifully – gloriously white of flesh with her flaming red hair and blue eyes.

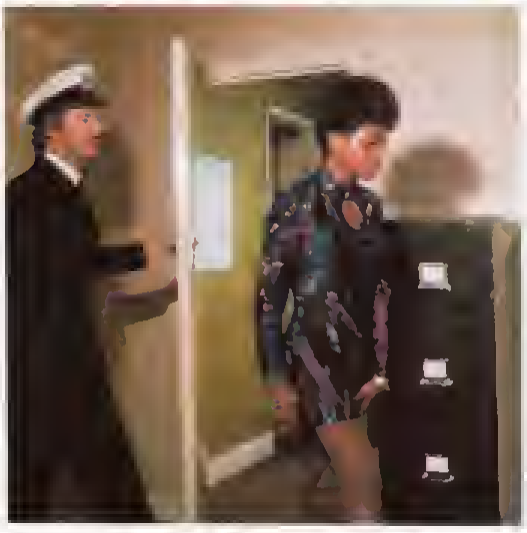
Then I imagine that I fall asleep and suddenly it is morning and Maragunte is calling my name and I wake up and she is standing by the bed dressed in a pale blue maid's morning dress of silk, so short and sweet, her thighs visible under it in delicate black silk stockings and a little crisp white apron over the pale blue dress. She smiles at me, puts the tray on the bedside table and bends down and kisses me lightly on the lips. She walks to the door but before she goes she lifts up her blue dress to show me her black stockings, her black suspenders, the fleshy tops of her white thighs and a pretty little pair of coffee-and-cream lace drawers. With a flashing smile she is gone and I wonder did it ever happen last night, on this bed, when she was so completely at my mercy? Did she really give her lovely young body to me or is it, was it, all part of this great fantasy of mine?

I am up now and walking round my pretty pink bedroom in a pair of pale yellow knickers of starchy satin, with high and wide legs edged with white lace. The door opens without a knock and in comes Francois. He is quite naked but for a pair of small tight white briefs round his hips and over his prick and balls and his small round tanned bottom. His entire body is tanned as is his face and there are no hairs to be seen. I am slightly stunned at his entrance and even more stunned when I see Maragurite come in as well in her pale blue dress. Francois greets me and asks if I slept well and I say that yes I did sleep very well indeed.

Maragunte sits on the edge of the bed and smiles at me. He stands in from of her and she takes down his white briefs. Now I see the shape I saw inside his briefs is that of a very small but a very thick prick with a quite large, bulbous nob. He is absolutely hairless and I can see where it begins to grow from his body, thick and stiff but only about four inches long. Under it are his two completely shaven balls.

"Maragunte shaves me every other day" he smiles. "I have a small cock but it looks larger without hairs round it you see."

I look at it and realise that it is on its fullest erection but is still small but thick. Perhaps this is why he has not come to me because he is shy to have such a small one. Then he lays back on the bed and Maragunte is the other side of him. I watched as I stood by the bed and Maragunte takes his prick in her hand and starts to masturbate him. Watch, she says, and as she rubs him more and more quickly and he twists his hips on the bed and his thighs open wide up until I can see right in between them at his hairless flesh, as he does this he suddenly starts to come. A fountain of white spurts up into the air and falls onto his tummy and the bed in between his thighs, and onto his joggling balls and onto the carpet and it is a lot, a great deal, and he continues to spurt and to spurt. But at last it stops and his little prick still remains stiff and thick, his round nob shiny and red. Monsieur may be small but he comes more



than any men said Maragurite and there was a hint of pride in her voice Francois sits up on the bed.

"You liked the exhibiton?' he asked me, smiling broadly Remembering the importance of my mission here I smiled back and say I thought the show of spunk was magnificent and that he was quite the most virile man I have yet seen having an ejeculation. He turnes on Maragunte who obediently stands up and pulls her coffee-and-cream drawers down and pulling her dress up sits on the edge of the bed and puts her legs and thighs straight up into the air and holds them up and back with her arms. Now she is fully exposed I look at the same scarlet and pink and red-haired flesh that I had sucked only a few hours before Francois goes to her and feces her I sit on the bed so that I shall watch this little thick stiff prick go into the lovely girl as she throws herself right back on the bed. I see his prick goes into her cunt It sinks in well and becomes lost within its depths He holds her legs up for her as he starts to push his pelvis and bottom back and forth into her his little balls jogging up against her inner thighs and her open bottom

Now I begin to get very wet between my thighs and as I watch the tremors of orgasm start up in me As he increases his pace my cunt starts to open up and I am feeling for Maragurita who is now whimpering and crying as she had done a few hours ago when I had been poking and sucking her. Then Francois says 'now' in a loud voice and watching closely I see the base of his thick prick contracting and expanding rapidly for a long time and I know that he is shooting another great quantity of spunk, this time right up into her

He withdraws and leaves her and she still lies back with her legs in the air and I can see his white milk running away out of her there was so much in her It goes onto the edge of the bed But she lowers her legs and opens her thighs and stands up By now his prick has diminished rapidly and now is a tiny little thing only the much smaller red nob showing over his balls

"That was a very fine exhibition,' I say to him 'You are a most virile young man to be able to come so much like that so quickly, one time after the other.'

Francois smiled and put his little tight white briefs on again He looks at me and says, "I will see you Toots in the drawing room in one hour We must discuss the business at hand ' With that he went out of the room Maragurite took a small white towel from the washbasin over in the corner and squatting over the pink porcelain bidet next to it she directed a jet of warm water up between her thighs and started to wash away the stuff that was still within her

Francois comes a great deal and many times, she smiled at me as she stood up and dried herself "But' she goes on. "he is not fertile. He is sterile He cannot make a baby All that stuff that comes away from him it is useless for a baby He can never make one in a women

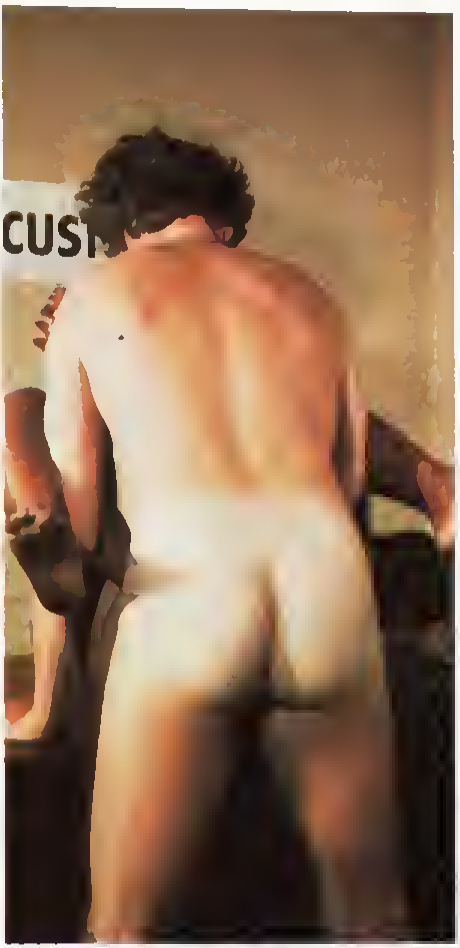
Does that worry him?' I ask She shakes her head ' It is good for him she says. "For he can fuck all women and they will come to no herm, whether they take the Pill or not, you see She pulls her knickers on and settles her maid's dress down and says you are a lovely girl darling and I enjoyed myself with you last night Shall we meet again do you suppose?"

'I doubt it,' I reply 'For I do not think I shall have to do business with Monsieur Francois again.

'That is a great pity ' said the girl "For we can give each other great joy as we have seen If you are as clever with men as were with me you must be in great demand in London Do you enjoy to play with men?'

"Yes I reply "It is good fun and can be very wonderful

Francois is an exhibitionist' said Maragurite "I shave his privates two or three times a week so that he may look as large and as long as possible but it is only because he is so small you see. He is



slways trying to convince himself he is e good lover in spite of the short snd the thick one he has. Hs will errenge exhibitions in this house and pay girls to coms hers to dinner snd afterwerds to wstch me toss him off so that he can dsmonstrete how powerful is he ejsculstion from such s smell one. It is compensetion you see. And he fucks ms ss he fucked me in front of you but he is alweys afrsid he will be laughed et. But he nevsr is snd ths girls who wetch slwsys srs amszed at the quantity thet comes from him each time t toss him. And thet he can fuck ms sftsrwsrds ss soon ss he has come once. It is quite ssd reelly, for he wsnts to msrry to hsve children but es I have said this he cannot do ever.

Later, I was with Frsncois in the drawing room of his spartment and he had packed s dozen very expensive gold end silver wstches under the false bottom of the brief cass I wes to carry back to Englsnd.

Ws spesk of ths and that in my continued fentesy end he givss ms money to pay the hesvy duty on the wstches that I em to wear openly on my wrist end to declsrs to the English Customs. Hs does not try to meks love to ms snd I sm not sorry. I feel that I would rsther msks love agsin to Msrsgurits then to him but now this is impossible for the cab is hers to tsks ms to the sirport. I see Marsgunte in the hell end impulsively shs kissas ms end I kiss her end I lssvs – still not knowing whether Frsncis had wetchsd his msid snd ms through the mirror in the pink bedroom.

I fly beck over the English channel and it is e lovely dey in this fentasy of mine. Soon I will be confronted by the Customs and if I fail to imprsss snd ths wstches in the cass srs discovsred I will be in serious troubls for sttsmpting to smuggls them into Great Britain. I begin perheps to feel e little nervous as I see ws srs approaching London Airport end we ere to fasten our safety belts. I festen mine and soon we are over the airstrip end coming into lend. In next to no time it seems the moment errives when I sm to pass through Customs. I sm in the qusus snd see st the end of ths queus thet ths Customs Men is not too tsll but is wellbuilt, is handsome with e smell moustsche snd dsrk hair plsssntly flecked with grey. I sm, it seems ths last in the qusus end I wonder if this will be good or bed for me. Bsd perheps for he will heve more time to spend with ms for thers srs no more people to see. Or good, for he will be reedy to dismiss ms quickly before the next flight arrives.

At lsst I sm indeed the next end still the last person to be seen. I spproach the dssk and the msn in the pesked cap snd the moustschs looks st ms plsssntly and I see that he well sppreciatss me physically snd I hope thst this will help to ses me through. Hs givss me the boerd upon which is printed the srticles on which one must pey duty if ons is bringing them into Englsnd from abroad. I am ssked is there enything I hsvs to declsrs snd he asks me in s nice sounding voics. I plsce my smell flet csse on the counter with nonchalsncs end smiling et him I roll up the sleeve of my minidress and display the gold end the silver wetches. I wish to declsrs these I sey snd he looks et them. He asks ms to teke thsm from my wrist which I do. He goss into s beck room end I am on my own.

Then the Customs men returns and he smiles et ms and hss s smelt form which he fills in end I heve to sign. Then he tells me the duty cherge and I sm relieved to see thet it comes within the smount which Francois has allowed me for this moment. I open my wallet from my handbag snd pay in cash end I em given e receipt.

I sm sbout to teks my case snd go but he puts s hend on it. Hs wishes ms to open it. Of courss, I hed forgotten. I smile end I open it for him end he stsrts to look through it. Pretty knickers, tights, e gsrterbelt, the silvsr evening drsss, the trsnsperent drswers. They srs on the counter end the case is smpty. But now, the Customs man probes the bottom of the case. He pushes down eech corner and places e hand in the middle of the bottom of the case. He pushed down each corner and places e hend in the middls of the bottom. He closss the cass up snd shskes it. It does not rettle of course for those who have meds it ere skilled in thsse things. Hs puts it on the counter agsin snd seems not to be setisfied. In my fentesy that now is growing vsry, very wild snd rsslistic he looks st ms end he is not smiling quite so much now. Agsin he feels the corners and suddenly there is e click. A little click that sounds so drssdfully loud in this small silent room. Hs closes the door end locks it end looks et his wstch. It seems he knows there will not be another flight in for e whils snd therefors no more passengsrs. He presses the insids of the case agsin snd thers is yst snother click. Now the felse bottom jerks upwsrds snd it is ruined!

I am shocked. He is shocked. He looks at me and I can only shrug and say I did not know but of course he does not believe me. Then he comes round to the front of the counter and looks me up and down. And it is now that my fantasy grows very, very wild, for I am dealing with a branch of the British law. HM Customs and I know that they are incorruptible and strong and loyal and law-abiding and will not under any circumstances or conditions be coerced into overlooking any offance.

But I like to pretend this handsome man is so overcome by my beauty and my dusky sex appeal that he succumbs to temptation. So I lift up my minidress in my now quite absurd fantasy and show him my bare dusky thighs and the little white snow white drawers I am wearing. I let him put out a hand and stroke my thigh and run his hand and fingers along the inside of it until he has reached the crotch of my tight drawers. As his finger presses into my cunt over the material and he looks at me and smiles broadly I think that the trouble may be over.

You may have me, I say, here and now – if we can close the case and forget about the watches. He seems to hesitate in my fancy just a little bit, but glances at the clock again and I am then convinced that there is no flight in for a while and that time is on my side. Then he appears to decide for he smiles, goes to the back of the counter, snaps back the false bottom in the case closes the case and with white chalk places a large cross on it.

I am saved! Then as I watch he takes off his peaked cap and his dark jacket and then his trousers and he is in his short white shirt and a pair of small light blue briefs.

Still in his shirt he takes me onto the edge of the large desk and his hands are up my dress and groping between my hot thighs and rubbing against the linen of my white knickers. In my fantasy I now start to grow hot and wet and open my thighs for him. He rubs my cunt open with his finger and I look down and see his prick rising under his blue briefs. I ask him to take them down. He does and as I take my dress off I see he has a great prick, longer and thicker even than the one up under Jock's kilt. Now I strip off my own knickers and I am naked, my dark hair bushy and wet and my puffy cunlips exposed and swollen out.

For a long time he bends me over the desk in various positions, poking me all the time first from the back and then from the front and going down on his knees to poke me with his face up close to me so that he can watch all that is happening between my open and wet and quivering thighs.

I take hold of his great pulsing hairy prick with hard round hairy balls and look at and touch his scarlet nob which is all wet with his desire for me. Put it in I tell him. And he fucks me from the front with me lying on my back on the desk and my long legs are over his shoulders and he is able to go straight into me from that level.

He is stark naked now and I run my hands over his back and his bottom and his thighs as I feel him ramming his cock home into me. Then he takes me from the side as I lie on my side but still he does not come. But, as I fantasise in the heat of all my orgasms that I shall have to toss this man off in the end, he starts to gush into me in great hot spurts and sticky sloshy slippery sounds fill the small room as he slips in and out of me very quickly in the heat and the wetness of his orgasm and ejaculation.

At last he withdraws from me and I slip on my white knickers and my dress in case someone should knock at the door. He also dresses. We smile at each other but we do not speak. I pick up the two watches and put them back on my wrist and I bundle the clothes back into my case. He smiles at me again, gives me a light kiss on my lips and unlocks the door. As I leave and walk through it I hear an announcement of the arrival of the next flight and when I turn round at the end of the long hall I see that a fresh queue is forming up at the entrance to his Customs office. I have got out just in time.

There is a car to take me back to Jock's pad in the West End and I am driven there. I must not on any account tell Jock that I was discovered. I must say that it all went off fine and that all I had to do was to pay the duty on the watches on my arm. But I say to myself in my fantasy that I must never again risk this.

So I am back with Jock and he welcomes me into his pad with a smile. He is wearing the Royal Stuart Tartan Kilt again the one he wore when first I met him in the studio.

But now the fantasy ends! I am on my brass bedstead and coming back to reality. There is a ring on my bell and I go to the door in my dressing gown and there is the real Jock waiting to come in. And, strange to say, he is wearing his Royal Tartan Kilt!

Mary Millington At Large

PENTHOUSE PETTING PARTY

Now that the sights and sounds of evening have blown through the door, and the soft light of evening is creeping all over the place, it's funny just how the mind will play small tricks on one and bring things back for no good reason at all. No, I haven't slipped a disc in my head. It's just that I was sitting in front of an open window, looking out over London, and suddenly I heard a snatch of music. I couldn't make out what tune it was, and it doesn't really matter, but there was that sudden slide of the memory and there I was with my pen in my hand all of a sudden, ready and able to tell you about yet another episode of my sex-mad life.

What happened was that this evening incident suddenly reminded me of something that I had meant to write about before now, but which for some reason I had managed to forget. For it was on an evening much like this that I went to a very exciting party, the sort of party that seems to have died out nowadays, and I can't think why. I'm referring to a pyjama party and, naturally, to what goes on at such events.

This party was actually one with something of a difference, though. Most parties are given for women by men, or for men by women. But this one had the unusual distinction of being openly a bi-

sexual affair and it was understood that anyone who went there would have to participate fully in what went on. Well, that night sounds a bit daunting to some people, but not to me. I like parties that have a bit of a difference about them and this one certainly was like that. For a start the guy who was giving it was completely gay, and secondly it was to be held in a rooftop penthouse in the heart of London. The thought of wandering round the London skyline in nothing but a pair of pyjamas attracted me, and I decided to go and did.

But I'd better tell you how all this came about. As you know I am something of a globetrotter – this is something which sort of goes naturally with my job as a model, and I've been to some strange places and met some off-key people in my time. This day I was sitting in a bar at Orly Airport in Paris when this actor that I knew swished in. He was wearing dark glasses, but he spotted me and came over. I noticed from my side view of him that he had a huge black eye under the cover of the glasses, and he told me that he had got beaten up by this young taxi-driver that he had tried to pull.

Oddly enough, he seemed to be rather proud of the black eye and said that he was going to give what he called a "black eye party" in which everyone would have to wear pyjamas and must be either gay or bi-sexual. I hadn't been to a party like that in ages, and thought that it was a great idea. He insisted that I should come and so when I got to London I rang him up and asked him if it was still on. He said that it was and I said that I'd be there. I also asked him how the eye was, and he said with a touch of pride that it had got worse if anything, and that he was looking forward to all the sympathy that he would get from his gay friends at the party. Crazy guy, that Ken, but a nice one under it all..

Anyway the night of the party came along – only it wasn't night. I don't know if you have ever been in a position to see the London skyline early on in a summer evening. Well, if you haven't I can assure you that it is really something. If you are up high, as this place was, you can see the whole of the city stretched out underneath like a great necklace. Look out to Essex and it's darkening out there. But look in the direction of the West and you can see the Houses of Parliament against a golden glow. It's just completely breathtaking and I was really looking forward to it.

I had worn this rather flash white pyjama outfit for the occasion. I like to go to parties by myself, as that gives me a chance to play the field and also it attracts attention that someone like me who dresses so sexily (as I like to think) should be there on her own. If you have looks – and I am lucky enough to have them – going to a party on your own can be a great trip. People notice you straight off, and if you can keep them at a distance until you are ready to make your choice of man or girl then you can have a real ball.

I duly got to the party all alone, and got there a bit early so that I could suss out the lay of the land and get to know what was what. I hate going to a place when everyone is already there – it gives you an awkward feeling, I think, and somehow starts you off with something of a handicap. So when I got there I did a tour of the place, and especially marked out where the bedrooms were. Ken did himself proud – but then he was rolling with loot, and there were nine bedrooms in this palatial rooftop shrine of his. And then I got back into circulation and mingled with the guests.

Gay guys were predominant, but there was one good thing about this sort of shindig. And that was that if I saw a really good-looking girl I knew that she had to be as bi-sexual as an ugly girl at the same party. This was something that Ken was very strict about: if he said that a party was being given for a particular type of person, and that person didn't turn out to be what he should, then our he would go. I knew with absolute certainty that everyone there would be a swinger, and this made me watch the arrivals with more than a little interest.

Some of them I knew already, but

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NAME .....

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there were a few who were worth looking at twice if not three times. In particular there was this rather willowy but very lovely girl and even thought she was hanging on the arm of this guy I could tell that she was bi-sexual from the way that she looked me up and down. We were like two rivals who were marking the other down for attention later on. Only in this case there was nothing like rivalry – merely an interest that might or might not come to something or other.

By now the place was filling up to the brim, and soon it was one great mass of bodies, eating, drinking and dancing. The gays were dancing with each other just as unselfconsciously as though they were men and girls. Some of the girls had started to dance, and for the hell of it I danced with this big butch girl for a while. But she started to get a bit possessive after a while, and I soon gave her the proverbial bullet to bite on.

And then out of nowhere came that willowy girl again. "I saw you looking at me," she said, "and I noticed that you were about the nicest-looking thing in the room. The thing is that my boyfriend won't let me screw on my own and although I'd very much like to have a scene with you on my own it's going to be very difficult." I stared at her and realised that even if she was extremely direct at least she was sincere. I looked at the boyfriend in a corner of the room and he seemed to be an O.K. sort of bloke. But if she wanted me on her own – and to tell the truth I very much fancied her – then I would have to see what I could do about it. I thought it over for a moment and told her that I would be prepared to screw with each of them but that it would have to be separate. That way each would get a slice of the cake. She giggled and smiled at me, then said that we had better let him go first so that he couldn't start moaning if we took our time about it.

He came over and introduced himself as Tim, she was called Nina. They were swinging trendies, and I didn't care all that much for him except that I could see that he had a good body under the crazy-pattern pyjamas that he was wearing. So I told him in very definite terms that Nina and I wanted to screw on our own. But if he was prepared to let that happen I would gladly give him a small time for a while. He thought it over, and then nodded, and with a wave and a wink to Nina I took him off to a bedroom. I forgot to say so, but on my tour through the house earlier I had locked up one of the bedrooms and pocketed the key. Nothing like being prepared for privacy.

Tim and I threaded our way through the dancers until finally we ended up at the bedroom. I unlocked the door and steered him inside. One thing about this sort of party – you can undress like lightning, and in no time at all we were both starkers and having a mutual admiration session going on. He had in-

deed got a very good body, and even though he had rather a hairy chest he was still blonde enough for it not to show all that much. His cock, though, was a very interesting one and I could tell from the size of his balls that this guy was a stayer. But when I got to parties like this I like to have as many people as I want, and I had no intention of wasting all that much time with him, especially when the lovely Nina was waiting somewhere for me to come and get her. Tim didn't intend to waste much time either judging by what he next did. He grabbed me round the waist and lifted me with ridiculous ease on his shoulder and then threw me bodily on the bed. He was laughing a rather superior laugh that I didn't all that much like, and if it hadn't been for Nina I would have told him to get the hell out of it.

He said that he had read my stuff and this magazine and that he thought that writers about sex, like me, were really very over-rated, and that they were really writing about what they would like to have happen to them rather than what had actually already happened. Now nothing can make me as mad as being accused of that, and I decided that I would teach clever Mr. Tim a lesson that he would never forget.

I told him that I bet that I could get him so worked up and bring him off so many times in a short space of time that he would not be able to get a hard on again for the rest of the night. He laughed like a drain and said that I was on. So I told him to lie down, and then I went into the bathroom and got some hot towels and a jug of hot water. I placed these beside the bed and then I told him to lie down face up. He did so and I caught his penis in my hand. I told him that he must submit to all the ways that I wanted to have him come off and he said that he would abide by that. He was so snazzy about his own powers that I really wanted to wipe the smile off his triumphant face.

I wanked his cock hard the first time, just to get used to the spunk that he had. Sometimes if you wank a man very fast and bring him off, you can tell what sort of stamina he has. This chap was quick, but there wasn't all that much spunk inside his tool even for the first all-important come where you usually have a lot, and I put him down as being something of a four-to-five man. Anyway I had used up one of his lives and now I set about exhausting him.

The next time I coaxed his cock back into stiffness and this time I told him to screw me. He tried to make it very slow and stuck his cock into me as hard as he could and left it rooted there, and didn't try to make it go in and out. I saw what he was after, but I was a bit too cute for him and swinging my legs up and round his body I sawed my quim against his cock as fast as I could. It was another form of wanking, really, and soon he was shoving his cock into me as hard as he could and losing his spunk inside me.

That made two. Getting him up to scratch for number three was a bit more difficult, but I knew that I had him well and truly licked. This time I got on him and did the same sort of trick on him. I reached a small climax myself while screwing him from the top, but his third climax, this one, wasn't all that good an effort and I could tell that he was getting worried. You see he was used to making love at a slow and considered pace, but I wasn't giving him that chance. Basically I was making him rush his fences.

After his third come I knew that I was now at the stage where I was either going to win or lose. I knew that I had to make his fourth toss-off a really fast one, but already his penis was as limp as a worm when I pulled it out of me and showed no signs of coming back to life. So I got one of the hot towels and wrapped it round both his cock and his balls. As the heat of the towel spread through the sensitive parts of his sex organs his cock started to stir, and in a short while there was this excellent hard. The thing about sex is that the real problem is to get the hard on. Once it's there there is no problem at all about making it come. So I just touched him up once more, and gave him a very brisk wank which soon had him rolling face down on the bed as his semen shot out. And that made four.

I knew by then that he was indeed the sort of guy who can only make it about four or so times. But I was determined to make him pay for what he had said earlier, and to that end I made him get off the bed and then I caught hold of his balls and cock and submerged them in the jug of hot water. There is nothing like heat, skilfully applied, for making men get a hard on though you must be careful never to over-do it otherwise you might damage the cock. The heat treatment, wet this time, worked and soon he was hard again. That made five after another wank and he told me that he had enough. But I knew that there probably was about one more come left in him and so when he was finished with number five I combined treatments for him.

I heated the towel for him and hotted up his balls again, then I got some cold water as a contrast and then back to hot water again. I rubbed my breasts against the balls and cock which must have been wondering what was happening to them, and after a while up came this tired hard. It wasn't a good one, but it was enough, and to make sure that he came I did the one thing to him that I hadn't done already; I bent down on him and while holding his balls snuggled between my breasts I sucked him off very fast. He blew, and then he just slumped back on the bed with his eyes closed. What? said I very brightly, no more where all that came from? He had to admit that he was whacked. Right then, I said, thank you for all the fun. Now let's have Nina in here on the double.

I think that he realised at the end that he had been conned sexually, though to be frank I can't see what he had in complain about. He had had six nice little jollies that just happened to drain him of spunk for the night, and not many men would complain of that, now would they? I agree, I shouldn't have done it to him, but he brought out the wicked side to me and I felt that he deserved what he had got.

Soon after this Nina came through the door. She was laughing like mad and I asked her what was the matter. She said that Tim was in a rage and that he had said that he was going home. She had forced him to tell her what had happened, and when he told her she had laughed out loud in his face and said that she had never heard of a man complaining because he had been to bed with a lovely girl and had been screwed quite famously for six separate comes. She stepped out of her pyjamas and still laughing she grabbed me and we both lay on the bed and had a giggling wrestle. She thought it was the best thing that she had ever heard and said that he was alright but that he was a bit short of a sense of humour.

Then still giggling like a schoolgirl she kept telling me that I was bold and

SEX CONTACTS!

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As a reader of [illegible] magazine [illegible] we are sure that you are interested in contact magazines - the sort that swinging ladies advertise in (some contain box numbers - other actual phone numbers). We offer you six of the very latest contact magazines for just £2 or 15 different for £5 post free. They contain between them thousands of adverts from all over the U.K. - with hundreds of pictures of the advertisers - all brand new - all up to date.

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West London: The Wholesome Shop, 152B London Road, London S.W.16 - open 10.30-6.00pm Weekdays, 10.30-3.00pm Saturdays. We are near Norbury station - just 6 minutes British Rail from Victoria.

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she turned me over and began to spank my naughty bottom which she promised she would turn pink. I liked the slaps she rained on it, and I felt myself go gooey inside. Spanking is something that I rather like, and when she had finished with me I started to do the same to her and soon we lay there with two pink bottoms.

She was really lovely, this girl, and she just bubbled over with joy and laughter. She was something of a tonic really, and when she started to kiss my quim and said that she would love a good long and slow 69, even when she stuck her head into my thighs and got to work with her tongue she still managed to keep laughing and I could feel her lips tickling my quim every time a spasm of giggles hit her. In no time at all she had me just like her, and I don't think I have ever had such a strange sixty-nine before.

But the sex soon took over from all the giggles, and we got down to it in earnest. She had been worth all the effort that I had spent on the departed Tim and when I saw her fully as she lay waiting for me to take the initiative I realised how lucky I was that I had spotted her when she came through the door.

She had lovely golden hair and fine breasts that, even though they were small, had a really lovely shape to them with small snubby little nipples that I liked stroking immediately. Her belly was wasp-waisted almost, and her legs were long and slim without being too thin. Her back was broad and with lovely shoulders and her face was as pretty as a picture. She was a bit like a model girl, but there was a lot more life to her than you would ever see in the average fashion model and the moment that she smiled her whole face lit up.

I couldn't control the urge any more and after looking at her with shining eyes for a while, and drinking in the beauty of her body, I had to go down on her. Usually I like to kiss a girl all over her body before actually going down on her, but in her case there was something so lovely about her muff that I made an exception and plundered straight down there amid the salty slash of her quim. I dug my tongue in and I could hear her gasp as I did so. She stirred against me and I repeated the treatment, and was rewarded with an issue of wetness that came pleasantly against my tongue.

Then I took my tongue out of her, and while keeping my face close to her quim I stroked the place with my hand. She stirred even more as the excitement hit through her body, and when she was finally ready for her climax I let her come off, and opened her slit just at the moment that she blew so that I could see the glistening walls of red skin all gleaming with the sexual wetness and emission.

That done, and it took a long time for her to finish off her climax, for she was very excited indeed, it was her turn to go down on me and I pushed my juicy thighs aside for her to snuggle down there. We made something of a contrast, with her pale body and my golden one, and I was a lot more ample than she was. But she said that she liked girls who had a bit of flesh on them, and when her stubby little tongue did a worm act on me I responded by feverishly gripping her hair and pushing her harder and harder against me. She didn't need much

Mary Millington At Large

hinting in that direction and at one stage she actually started to bite great tufts of my muff and to roll her tongue all over the place so that my muff and my tufts were drenched with the lick-spittle that she sexily had deposited there.

She was a very active lover, not just one of those girls who get down on you and use nothing but their mouths. She used her hands in every way that she could, and kept telling me to stroke her back and to talk to her about what I felt, as she said that talking about sex while actually having it was something that she never grew tired of. I told her of each little lovely sensation as it went through me, and about the effect that her tongue was having on me and when after a very long and very exciting session of love-play I finally came off in her arms, I felt that it had been a lovely come.

After this I got the hot towels and gave her a dry hot massage. She really appreciated that sort of thing and she writhed with pure pleasure under the clothes as the heat of the towel warmed her still hot body, and as the heat got through to her sexual parts just as it had got through to Tim. That roused her so much that she actually had a climax while she was lying under the towel, and she insisted that she should give me one after this. So I had to submit to this lovely form of massage and I took my time about the climax that inevitably ensued.

Again we made love and then had a really slow and very sensual d-i-y session that left each of us in turn breathless from sexual happiness. That over, we decided that we had done as much as we could for the night and after a grope of farewell at the door we went out to join the rest of the party, which was now just an orgy with great mounds of pyjamas discarded everywhere, and copulating bodies strewn on the floor like some sort of living carpet.

It had been a heck of an evening, and it just goes to show that the memory can bring back things like that for reasons that you never get to the bottom of. I wonder if I will think of it again when I next see a golden sunset over London?

GAY NEWS

We would like to inform all our gay customers that we have recently contacted two new suppliers of homosexual hard pornographic magazines in Copenhagen and New York. Due to limited space available in this magazine we cannot list all of our titles. We have therefore decided to offer a brand new mixed pack of all male action mags. Featuring: Big Men (cowboy type) "Schoolboy Love" "Homo Trios" "Black Bucks", "Fair Nordic Boys" and all forms of "Gay Love".

We have two packs on offer one (by way of introduction) contains 5 strong mags plus a free contact mag for £10. The second pack contains a dozen of the best mags you can buy plus two free contact mags and a beautiful action picture of the man with the biggest penis in the world (an astounding 18" erect) for only £20. BOTH OF THE OFFERS ARE OPEN TO NEW CUSTOMERS as well as our established friends.

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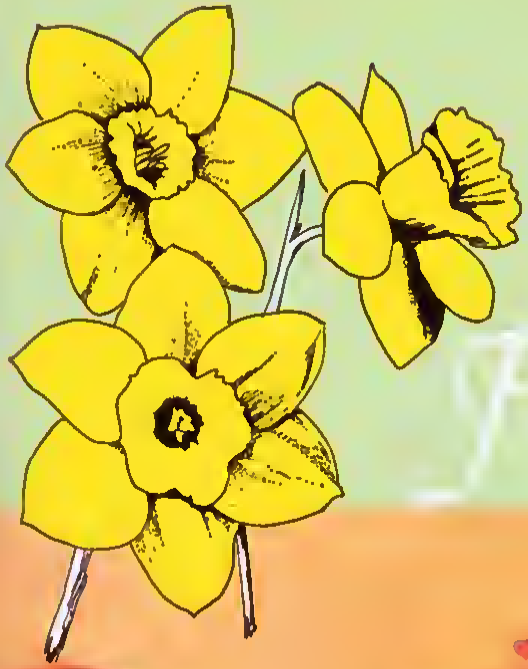
DANDY

One of the most popular models we have ever featured in Whitehouse is Dandy. She is so popular with all our readers that we bring you another set of her this month and in future months we plan to bring you even more pictures of her!

DANDY

DANDY



Whitehouse Challenge

Mr Colin Smith of Peckham writes: I am a keen gardener and next to a nice pussy I think that flowers are the most beautiful sight in the world. Can we have some pictures with flowers and pussies in them!

Just for you Colin, we bring you this month's set: (and we thought you might like this month's cover!)

Flower Power

Miss Darlington

THE NUDE SECRETARY

Publisher's Note

[illegible] our readers mine I [illegible] of [illegible] beautiful girls [illegible] glamorous job [illegible] that it is a job [illegible] the company of [illegible] Hard [illegible] light [illegible] regular [illegible] occasionally!

My life changed early one Monday evening There was a knock on the door, and when I opened it, a small, rather tubby man, beamed at me

"Mr Holroyd?"" he queried "Mr Timothy Holroyd?"

I said that I was that person, wondering who the hell he was, I didn't like the look [illegible] He asked to come in, and he sat down in the only decent chair I had He then asked me if I had checked my football pools I hadn't I never do, I put a rather complicated perm on, and I haven't a clue on how to check it I gave him the copy, and he checked it against a piece of paper

"Now sit down Mr Holroyd I am from Get Rich Pools and, subject to a re-[illegible] I am pleased to tell you that you have won a sum of money probably exceeding one hundred and seventy five thousand pounds"

I didn't sit down, I fell into the chair, just staring at the man We all day dream about winning a fortune on the pools, never really believing we will, and now this little tubby man was telling me I had! I made a cup of tea, I hadn't any strong drink in the [illegible] got my [illegible] tered wits together He stayed

about ao hour, talking easily and cooversationally. When he left I didn't know whether to tip him or not. I had a bundred quid in a biscuit barrel, with the money I had coming, what was a huodred quid? I muttered something about him having a drink oo me, but be just smiled and shook bis head.

"No thank you Mr Holroyd. My firm will be in touch with you very shortly, and arrangements will be made for you to receive the money. Good night, and the best of luck!"

I looked at my typewriter. "No more writing for me," I grunted.

You see for the last five years I had been writing short stories and the like for many of the leading glamour magazines. I had long nursed a secret ambituo to publish a magazine myself, but never had the wherewithall to launch such a project. Now I had £175,000 in the kitty, enough to fulfil the ambituon.

I contacted a publisher and informed him of my intentions. He was a great help to me, suggesting printers etc, and where to find the best models. The cootent of my magazine wouldo't worry me, I could write all my own material. I rented an office, furnished it with the best that money could buy, contacted a firm who would lay the magazine out for me, and settled down to publisb issue oumber one. It was to be a good one, strong, bomy, nothing simulated, yer actual fucking, you might say. But I oeeded a secretary, a young lady who would answer the phone and see to the callers. Then I had an idea. Wby not have a secretary who could also be a oude model for my magazine. I could build it around her, make ber a figurehead, she could do chatty little pieces, sort out a few of her personal experiences. So I advertised in the local paper.

"Publisher of glamour magazine requires model/ secretary... earn £150 per week. Good imagination and ability to write essential."

I used a boa number, I didn't waot everyone to know where my office was. To my amazement I got over seventy replies... some includmg photographs. I spent many happy hours looking at the photographs. There were fat

girls and thin girls, girls with tits like balloons, and girls with nits like saucers. Some had pussies like the Black Hole of Calcutta, and others just shyly showed a long thin slit. It seemed to me that most girls had a secret yen to pose in the nude! Of course a number of the applicants were nothing more than bags, the letters made it quite plain that they would shag like rabbits. I sorted out half a dozen of the most likely, and arranged appointments accordingly.

The first one I interviewed was Shirley. A nineteen year old gorgeous blonde with a fabulous figure. She sat on the other side of the desk, her legs crossed, her mini skirt around her hips, and told me about her past. She had no modelling experience, but she could type, and often wrote stories when she was a girl, having won first prize in a competition run by a comic paper! I asked her if she would mind just taking a few of her clothes off, so that I could see her figure... I was more interested in her tits than anything. I intended to have a picture of my secretary bare titted in every issue. She took her jumper off, then her bra. Her boobs were perfect, high slung, firm, with tilted nipples. My cock twitched and stiffened. I've been a tit man all my life. She blushed slightly as I stared at her, and to my surprise I noticed the nipples getting stiff. It wasn't cold in my office, on the contrary, it was very warm. I got up from my desk and went round to her, to have a closer look.

"Very nice," I murmured, "you have lovely breasts. Would you mind showing me the rest of your body."

I stepped back while she unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it. She was wearing white panties and tights. Her waist was slim, and her belly button quite charming! "Have you had many sexual experiences?" I asked. "You see I would require you to write a feature for every issue I publish, strong and randy, about the guys you have been to bed with. You know the sort of thing, what you like best in sex, positions, oral and all that." She gave me a smile, her hands fluttering over her tits, making the nipples stand out even more, and my cock rear to full erection.

"I lost my virginity when I was fifteen," she said "Since that time I must have been screwed hundreds of times"

"Do you come quickly?"

She smiled again "Why not try me and see!" Her hand dropped to the front of my trousers, giving my hard cock a feel. "You seem ready for it!"

I fondled her tits while she deftly unzipped my fly, putting her warm hand inside my underpants and helping herself to a handful of stiff cock I must admit I was surprised at her boldness I hadn't really thought about fucking the applicants, just seeing their bodies and picking the right one The fucking bit could come later, when the girl was settled in

I had bought a large black leather corner unit, more to impress visitors than anything, but as I led Shirley across to it, I was going to put it to good use. I say led, it was Shirley who led me by the cock! We sat on the unit and I took her in my arms, kissing her on her red lips Her mouth opened and my tungue was inside I didn't bother with tits, my hand went straight down the waistband of her knickers and onto her cunt Three rubs later and the honey was melting and running out. She pulled her knickers and tights off, pushing me back on the seat, sprawling across me, her bare legs open, my cock prodding at the blonde fuzz Her hands went between us, and she fumbled my trousers down, then my underpants, and our hairs mashed together I caught my breath when I felt my cock enter her slit, and she jerked down hard, so that I was fully embedded straight away. I got one hand on her bare bottom, and the other between us, on her right tit, and we started to fuck Shirley had the experience, I had the stiff cock, and we jerked together happily, until she crushed herself to me, stating breathlessly that she was coming like crazy I could feel her cunt gripping and releasing me, and with a grunt I shoved up, my spunk belting out and flooding her We lay together for a few minutes until we came down to earth and my cock was back to normal, then she slid away from me, and put her tights and knickers back on With a shaking hand I took a few more particulars while she finished dressing I was tempted to hire her on the spot, but I had a few more to see before making up my mind She blew me a kiss from the office door, lifted her skirt, touched her gussetted cunt, and went!

I picked up the phone and rang my publisher friend, telling him what had happened He laughed "What did you expect Tim, a row of applicants from a convent? You're offering a lot of money every week, the majority of the birds who come will drop 'em Pick the best fuck and you are away"

At eleven o'clock the next applicant arrived I don't know why I short listed Brenda, she was in her thirties, rather on the large side, but in her letter had told me that she had written for glamour magazines, and had also posed in the nude for a number of them. She was dressed in a black two pieee, a white frilly blouse, black stockings and patent leather shoes Her hair was black and very long, and she looked to have some coloured blood in her somewhere along the line We talked for a bit, and she showed me some of her work The stories were certainly very randy, and gave me a hard on as I glanced through them The lesbian ones were the best, when she got on about men and women screwing, they didn't ring true, she had the guy spunking off, then getting a hard on within minutes! I questioned her about this "I am bi-sexual Mr Holroyd, I have very little experience with men, usually I have sex with a woman, I do prefer it. I don't mind fellatio, I will do that for any man" She paused, staring at me "In fact, I consider oral sex wonderful, and I am told I am very good at it." I was getting quite 'cocky' by now! I stood up and went round to her, the bulge at the front of my trousers very obvious She unfastened her jacket, then her blouse, and spilled her big tits out for my inspection. I noticed a couple of love bites on the mounds "My girl friend got very passionate last night," she murmured, "she always does when I have a slide up her"

I played with her tits while she got my cock out, stroking the foreskin up and down. "Shall we go to the settee?" I murmured

She nodded and got to her feet, swiftly getting out of her clothes, but leaving her black stockings on She had a very hairy grom, and as she stood over me I had difficulty in seeing the pink lips of her slit She kneeled down by me, and took my erected flesh in her hand Her mouth pursed and I trembled as she closed it over my knob end One hand caressed my ball bag, and the other stroked the inside of my thighs, sending shivers through me I reached out and fondled her tit, pulling at the nipple until it lengthened Her cheeks caved in as she fellated me, sinking my cock into her throat My hips moved up and down, she was sending me crazy with her mouth and tongue, and I wanted a feel of her cunt, and told her so! She withdrew her mouth and climbed over me, straddling my face. I could see the pink lips now, even her clit She lowered herself down, and I held her bottom in the right position. It was the neetar of the gods, randy but not unpleasant I stroked my hands over her stockinged thighs as I gammed into her with my tongue and lips My cock felt to be on fire as she sucked it back into her throat, her fingers playing between my thighs and over my balls This was the blow job to end all blow jobs, and the muskiness of her cunt made me delve further into it The honey was pouring from her, her hips rotating, and I could hear little gurgles as I forced myself further into her throat. Suddenly her body jerked, and her hand rubbed hard on the root of my cock. I felt her come on my face, wet and slippery, and with a muffled groan, I spunked long and hard into her throat She was gulping and gagging as she took it, swallowing heavily so that she didn't miss a drop. I had to push her bottom up to stop from suffocating! I gazed into the Great Divide at the flesh that had unfurled, at the clear moisture still oozing from her, and wished I could get a hard on straight away, like the guys in her story, and give her a damn good screwing! She twisted away from me, my cock still in her mouth, even though it was only half hard, and she washed me with her tongue. I swung my legs to the floor and looked down at the carpet, everything was in a blur, and my heart beat rapidly. I was shattered and drained.

She got dressed without saying a word, then sat back on the chair facing the desk I trudged wearily to the other side, my hand once again shaking as I picked up my gold Parker and took her full particulars.

She was staring at me the whole time "I'm sorry Mr Holroyd, but I don't think I would do for you"

"How's that?" I asked

"Part of my job will be to be fucked by you, that is obvious. While I am willing to fellate you whenever you wish, you will not find me much good on my back with your dick in me! I do really prefer women."

Well, at least she was frank I suggested that she join my staff of writers, doing lesbian stuff, at least it would be authentic, and she would be around occasionally, should I require the services of her nubile tongue! I was learning this game pretty fast

I went to lunch then, I was in need of a large steak and a few whiskies I had just started my meal when a young lady came and sat opposite me I barely gave her a glance, I'd had enough of women for the time being

"Excuse me," she murmured "But are you Mr Holroyd?"

I said that I was She leaned on her chin and stared at me. "I have just been to your office, I applied for a job with you, and my appointment was for twelve o'clock Someone told me you were here I haven't much time Mr Holroyd, I have to be back at work in an hour I wonder if I could tell you about myself here?"

I nodded, at least I would be called upon to get across her in a restaurant. She came round the table and sat by my side. I ordered another steak She talked on and on, about her occasional modelling jobs, and how she had always wanted to work for a sex magazine. I decided to be a bit cheeky

"I suppose you are aware that part of your duties will be to have sex with me?"

Her head jerked up, then she shrugged her shoulders

"There is no problem there Mr Holroyd, I like sex."

WHITE HOUSE INTERNATIONAL

I nodded towards her pert nts. "Are those yours?"

She leaned towards me so that they brushed against my arm. "You are welcome to find out." I could feel they were her own She put her hand on my thigh and slowly worked up to my cock.

"I know how to do a hand job," she whispered "If that will do for now . . as part of my reference?"

I looked around the restaurant, no one could see what she was doing, the table cloth covered her hand.

"Go ahead," I croaked, cutting another piece of steak.

She unzipped my trousers and thrust her hand inside my underpants, easing out my erection She certainly knew how to do a hand job, I munched one piece of steak for ages while she whipped my cock skin up and down. I leaned against the table hard when I spunked, and she gripped me hard, still ruhbing, unul tbe lot was nestled in her hand. She took it out, lifted up her skirt and wiped the spunk on her knickers.

"I'm good in bed," she whispered.

"I'll bet you are," I grunted, fastening my zip back up. "I have a few more girls to see, so I will let you know. I might be able to get you a modelling job, doing just what you did to me, if you are interested."

"Oh yes, I like tossing a boy off, and watching the stuff come from the end, it is very exciting."

We finished the meal talking business I certainly wasn't going to be short of models!

I sat in the park, near to my office, watching the ducks and contemplating on what had happened already I'd had a fuck, a blow job, and a hand job, and I had only interviewed three girls. I had one more that day, and was I pleased about that, I couldn't have stood an afternoon of sex!

The appointment wasn't until three thirty, so I spent the waiting nme going through photographs specially purchased from the Continent. It is amazing, a whisper that a guy is putting a new glamour magazine together, and he is inundated with pictures, some very strong, some terrible and most unsexy. I had a heap of stories to read, but I would take those home with me. My huzzer sounded, and the old dame who was serving as my temporary secretary announced that I had a visitor There was a peculiar edge in her voice as she spoke When my visitor swayed in I saw the reason for it

She was dressed in red, with red boots that vanished up her tight dress Her hair was also red, yet it didn't clash with her clothea Her face was very white, and her eyea a stsrtling blue She tossed her coat onto a chair, and slowly unzipped the long zip down the front of her figure hugging dress. I didn't speak, I couldn't, the bird was going through an elaborate striptease that made my mouth dry up. She swung her dress open like a coat to show me what she had on underoeath. What she had on was, a pair of tight, shiny red leather knickers, red stockings, and a red leather hra The song, The Lady In Red, must have been written with such a bird in mind She threw her dress on top of her coat, and sidled round the desk to me, shoving her pelvis forward so that her leather knickers were inches from my face.

"I like leather, don't you?"

"Yeah," I muttered, taking a whiff of the scent. "And you seem to like red!"

"Red is such a sexy colour don't you think? When I wear it, I always want sex, rough hard sex. I want my bottie smecking, roy hreasts hiting, then ravished hrutally. I like to dominate a man first, make him crawl to me, kiss me where I want him to, caress my leather knickers, just there." She pointed a long scarlet nail at her crotch. "Rub the leather over me until I am streaming with lust, then he can suck me until I am ready I push him on his back and mount him, and while I am mounted over him, I want him to spank my hottie so hard that I am screaming with happiness. Do you like things like that?"

I gulped. "I don't know Miss.. "

"I am Cheryl, I would be very good for you. I have done a lot of modelling in leather, with whips and chains. You can touch me if you wish."

I ran my hand over her leather knickers and her legs slid apart, a hissing sound coming from her mouth. The gusset slid over her cunt, the bird was wet through already, and I could smell her lust. The aroma of the leather was very strong, yet it roade the blood boil in my cock She leaned forward and kissed me hard on the mouth, her tits banging against me.

"I won't ask you to crawl to me Mr Holroyd, but you can kiss me if you wish."

I pulled the red leather knickers down over her hips. Her thighs were very white, contrasring with the mass of fiery hair between her legs. She jutted her pelvis towards me, her hand on her hips, her head thrown back

"Suck it Mr Holroyd, you will like the taste of my furnace."

And a furnace it was. I plunged my tongue inside the honey pot, holding the cheeks of her hottom, and sucked away merrily. Her hips didn't move at all, but she was liking it, I could hear her gasping and moaning

"'I'm coming Mr Holroyd," she cooed, one hand holding my head so that I couldn't get away, even if I'd wanted to. I didn't, I pushed my face in as far as I could, stretching my tongue so far that I thought it would come away from the root When she had finished coming she stepped back, her knickers by her knees, and she carefully fingered her cunt.

"And now you would like to fuck me, wouldn't you?"

"I would" I said, lamely. I felt to be in her power, she had this strange effect on me She stepped from her knickers, pulled me from my swivel chair and led me to the settee I stood there while she undressed me unul I was naked, then she caressed my cock, muttering to herself.

"I'll come on you," she said, in that husky voice of her's. "And when I am fucking you, you must beat my bottie!"

I would have kissed it for her, I was so randy I lay down, my cock like a telegraph pole, this wasn't possible, I was on my third erection in a few hours! She widened her thighs over my groin, pulling her se. lips apart, and slowly came down, until the tip of my cock was brushing the slit. Her body rotated, not letting me inside,

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but just opening it wider. With one hand she delicately held the stem, as if to make sure I didn't get up before her say so. I was powerless, just laying there, a bloody great hard on. With her free hand she unfastened two flaps on her leather bra. Her nipples popped out, they were painted red! They were long and thick, like undersized cocks, and she played with one of them making my cock get bigger and thicker. Then she suddenly dropped forward, resting her body on the flat of her hands, her tits swinging against my face. I took a tit in my mouth, sucking at the long nipple. I could taste the leather bra, but it wasn't unpleasant. I felt myself slowly sinking into her cunt, until with a sigh, she settled down, and I was fully embedded.

"Now spank my bottom," she husked.

I squeezed the cheeks of her behind first, and she gave a shudder, I could feel the juicy walls of her cunt holding me. I slapped her a couple of times fairly mildly.

"Harder," she grunted, "I can't feel that. I want to feel your hand beat me Mr Holroyd!" I slapped her very hard, and she pushed into me until her red hair was mashing with my black. The harder I belted her bottom, the harder she ground into me, moaning and biting my neck. She wriggled and squirmed, not to get away from my spanking, but because she was enjoying it. Suddenly she kissed me very hard on the mouth, mashing my teeth against my lips, bruising them in her passion.

"Harder," she hissed, "hit me harder and nip me!"

I ground my fingernails into her sore bottom, and she grunted and groaned, coming like crazy, milking my cock at the same time. I thrust up, my eyes tightly closed, and my spunk jetted out into her sleeve. I was still spanking her automatically when I had finished.

She came from me and stood up calmly, patting her red hair into place.

"You and I are very compatible," she murmured. "We will make a great team." She looked down at me. "You want some more Mr Holroyd?" she murmured.

I shook my head, my brains flopping around inside. "No thank you Cheryl, I couldn't stand any more."

"Pity," she murmured, "I'm just getting warmed up."

She put her dress on and fastened it up. I sat back at my desk, my head in my hands. I couldn't take this one on as a secretary, she'd kill me in a fortnight! And anyway, spanking wasn't my scene. I knew all about it, I'd written stories on spanking for a magazine that specialised in the subject, but I wouldn't fancy a daily occurence of that, and I had the feeling that Cheryl would want to dish it out as well. There was something about her that frightened the wits from me. I took a few more particulars and bade her good afternoon, then I asked the old bird in the outer office to make me a cup of strong coffee. She smiled at me.

"She was quite a girl wasn't she?" she murmured, taking in my washed out appearance.

"Yeah" I muttered. "Have I anyone else to see this afternoon?"

"Just a young lady who has applied to be a model, not a secretary."

"See to her please, I couldn't face another naked body. Oh, and give that first girl a ring, Shirley someone or other. Ask her to come round and see me . . . not today," I added hastily. . . "I'm going home now, and I don't want to be disturbed.

So that was how I got my secretary. Shirley turned out very well, she could write, and had a good imagination to go with it. She often appears nude in my magazines . I do the photography after we have fucked each other. She always takes a better picture after an hour in bed. Mind you, my business is expanding, and I will soon need another secretary to look after a magazine. She must be willing to pose in the nude, and able to write sexy features. If you think you fill the bill, write to me, care of this magazine, and I will be glad to arrange a private interview.

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Harry Prestcock is the star salesman of the Indomiteble Insurance Company Ltd. He has carried away the Firm's annual trophy ewerd for top sales for the third yeer running. What is the secret of his success? The Managing Director, keen to discover what mekes Harry tick end bring in the policies by the dozen per week decides to get in touch with Veronica Harmsworth, Harry's latest prospect-turned-customer. She lives in e smert suburban house somewhere in Surrey, with a husband conveniently away for weeks on end touring the European capitels on business for his textile company based in London.

The Managing Director, a man in his late fifties invited Veronica to the Head Office to ask her to describe Harry's sales techniques, in case the information could be passed on to the rest of his sales steff, as their sales quote never came anywhere neer thet of Happy Harry's, es he wes known throughout the lerge and expanding compeny. Secretly, e cessette on the Meneging Director's desk recorded the interview.

(Because of her story the Meneging Director later paid Heppy Harry end Veronica a hendsome sum of money to pose in her Surrey house and to re-enact Harry's initiel visit to her thet ended in her signing Insurence papers to the tune of many thousends).

The pleusibility of this story is based on the hundreds of lonely and sexuelly-frustrated wives who entertain gentlemen from milkman to Insurence repe in their house in the daytime and deliberetely egg them on under promises of signing on the dotted line, to indulge in way out sex games they would not dream of heving with their conventional end boring husbands. Harry, who possesses outstending genital equipment, is a natural exhibitionist, what man wouldn't be with ten inches to his credit? Veronica, at twenty-nine to Harry's thirty-six is both an exhibitionist end e voyeuress in her own right, since she has tits of 40" each plus nipples like champagne corks and e beautiful slit between the cheeks of her substantial bottom thet invite groping end penetreting at all points instantly, es soon as her dropped drewers reveal her potentiel.

Harry is not exactly handsome, not a handsome Herry but he is a Happy Herry, cock-happy in fect, prick-proud and balls conscious. Fortunately for him he isn't married. Any women married to Harry would never hold him (apart from a firm grip eround his prick) for more then e few weaks, for he would be off to displey his outsized equipment to every other girl and young woman he met. Female potential clients who first set eyes on Harry ere not initially impressed but when they suddenly set eyes on the out of this world bulky bulge that rears up inside his trousers while he is talking Life Insurence end Endowments in their drawing rooms, he assumes, in their fevered eyes, the countenence of a Knight in Shining Trousers, to say nothing of the netty unisex briefs he weers under them to further dezzle their eyes and whet their sensual appetites.

Since the point of this story is Herry's point (the blunt end of it) we hope we can and will be excused for displaying it in this story) otherwise it would be pointless, if you get what we mean. We are all used to looking at full colour shots of outsize titties, purpled nipples and geshy red pussies. It makes a bit of a change to look at full colour reproductions of sturdy, virile and potent manhood. Let us try to beer in mind thet the erect penis should not be regarded as a disgusting, obscene, depraving or corrupting object any more than is the flemboyant and flaming fanny. Both sets of male and femele genital equipment ere designed by the Creetor Of All Things end it seems profane to decry His creetions end only to accept them when they are engaged on a deliberete baby-making operetion designed to keep the world's population going.

Purists will point out that male end female genitals are very priveta things and that loveplay, foreplay, oral play and intercourse are also very private things. They will say thet photographic reproductions of genitals and their actions in lovemeking are invasions of privecy. But, really, there is little privacy left in a civilized world whose deily end evening press regularly report the lives of femous stars of stege, screen and telly, together with those of Statesmen and politicians and members of Royelty – who happily acknowledge living together for yeers, having bebies outside of wedlock and bedlock end declering that they might consider getting married if the fency tekes them.

The values of love and marriage end sexuel cohabitation ere now es haywire es they have ever been. Privecy and sexual secrecy now really doesn't exist any more. Sordidness end morbidity heve venished from the scene where the sexual behaviour of adult man and women is concerned.

This story of Happy Harry is extrovert, healthy, bewdy lawd, rude end in very bad taste. But to the best of our knowledge, there ere no legel rulings against extroversion, bawdiness, lewdness, rudeness or bad taste. Such non-qualities end stenderds of sexuel behaviourism make for freedom from frustretion, repression and inhibition. Never forget thet men and women don't have to buy or reed girlie mags, look et the pictures or reed the stories. They can read Tolstoy's War and Psece or Margaret Mitchell's Gone With The Wind or Rudyerd Kipling's Jungle Stones instead, if they wish. On the other hand, they can reed about Black Megic end Witchcraft, atrocities in the various theatres of war the world over. They can reed about New York's corrupted cops end all about the delights of drug-taking end wife-bashing end repe end child molestation end fox hunting and blood sports, because none of these subjects ere considered to be depraving nor obscene because, you see, they do not deal with the natural things in life such as erected penes end distended pussies and the ejaculation of seminel fluid, subjects which are utterly depraving and filthy end corrupting, according to the law and the Church.

VERONICA'S STORY ABOUT HAPPY HARRY AND THE WAY SHE SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE!

I am twenty nine and very pretty es you can see. I have a fat husband in his late thirties who mercifully goes off to Europe very frequently to make good bread to keep my nice home going. We have no children as I am on the Pill and anyway Bob my husband doesn't want kids. I would like to have at least one child and I suppose, in the near future I may manage to have the one child at least that I would like to have. Even if it isn't Bob's. I mean, one just doesn't worry about that sort of thing nowadays, does one?

This Harry character rang my door-bell one hot morning in June of last year. I happened to be sitting in a short striped shirt, black garterbelt and black silk stockings in my lounge that morning idly tapping out on my typewriter the things I wished I could do to and with men if only one hepponed along while my hubby was away in Europe. I had awakened feeling decidedly randy and in my shower I had brought myself off with a bar of soap in sheer desperation and frustration.

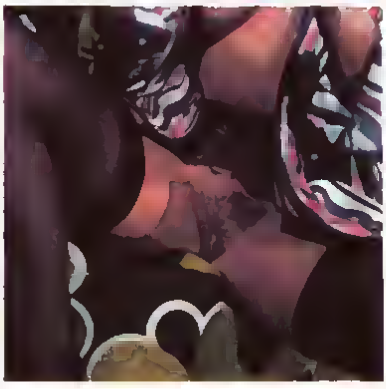
Lots of people have the idea us girls and young women simply do not wank

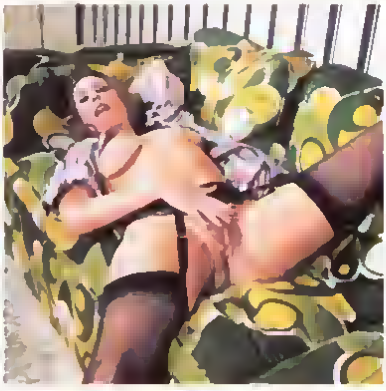
but believe me, we do! The sensation of orgasm is as fulfilling to us as it is to man and we like it a great deal more for the simple reason we can enjoy multiple orgasms whereas men can only come once per stiff-up. Stiff-up is my name for her-don or erection. Gape is my word for the opened fanny I also get stiff-one in my clitoris which is an engaging little projection from my cunt-her thumb when she encircles quite spectacular in length and fiery radness. So I open the front door to Harry and am struck by his slimness and his natty blue shirt, his hair and quite pleasant looking face though I note he is no oil painting. Not even a watercolour.

But there is something about this guy that rang a bell in me and I hoped, as I looked at him, a bell in him. He looked me up and down in my short striped shirt open down the front to reveal swinging naked breasts and aroused nipples, and my slim black garterbelt holding up black silk stockings on my tanned and shapely thighs. We sat on the settee talking about the best Policy that he could sell me and that I could sign up for but as far as I was concerned at that moment, the best policy was to let my shirt hang open, let him view my full naked titties, my luscious thighs and the tiny little black drawers I was wearing.

Sitting next to me on the settee and showing me his Insurance Papers I looked at the crotch of his trousers instead of the sheets of paper and saw that a most pleasant rising was swiftly taking place under the material of his trousers. And quite right too, I thought to myself. Here is an Insurance salesman who is obviously as well-endowed as are some of his endowment policies.

I looked at him and smiled and then I must admit I made a sudden dive for him. Visions of a purple prick and a brace of hairy balls raced through my mind as I looked down at the tent-like bulge inside the thin material of his trousers and I also had a quick vision of poor old, conventional old, Bob, in his white y-fronts in the middle of the bedroom as he had been the last night before he had left on his latest European trip and the way he had pulled his y-fronts down in front of me to display his

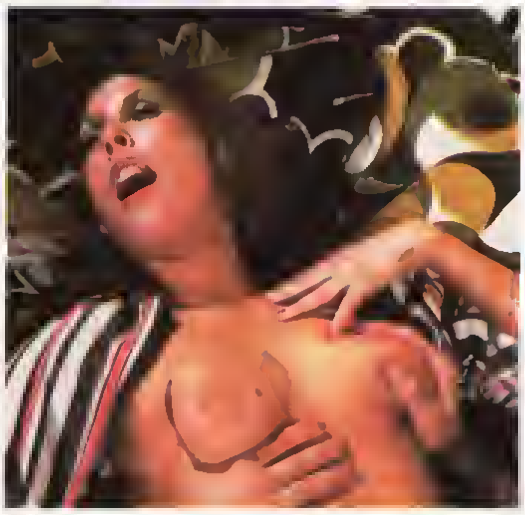


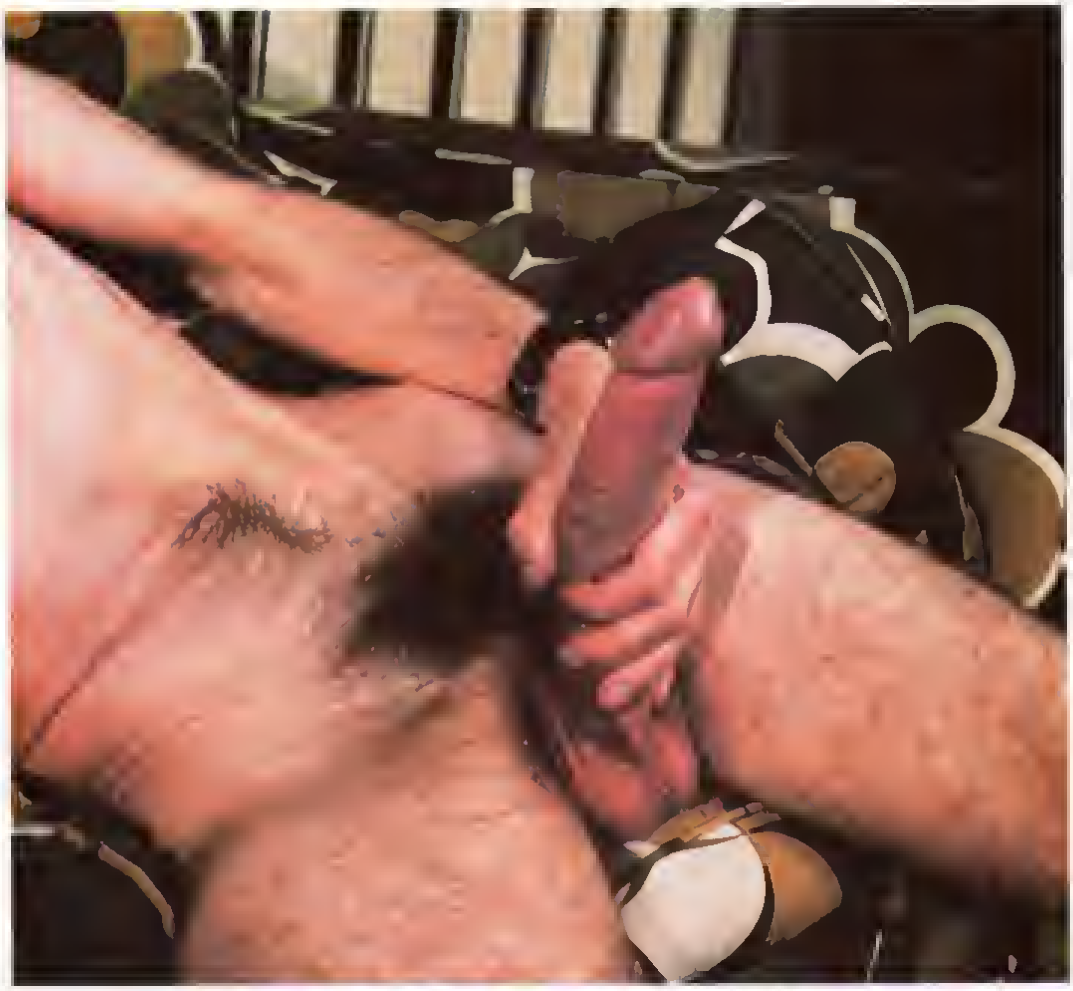


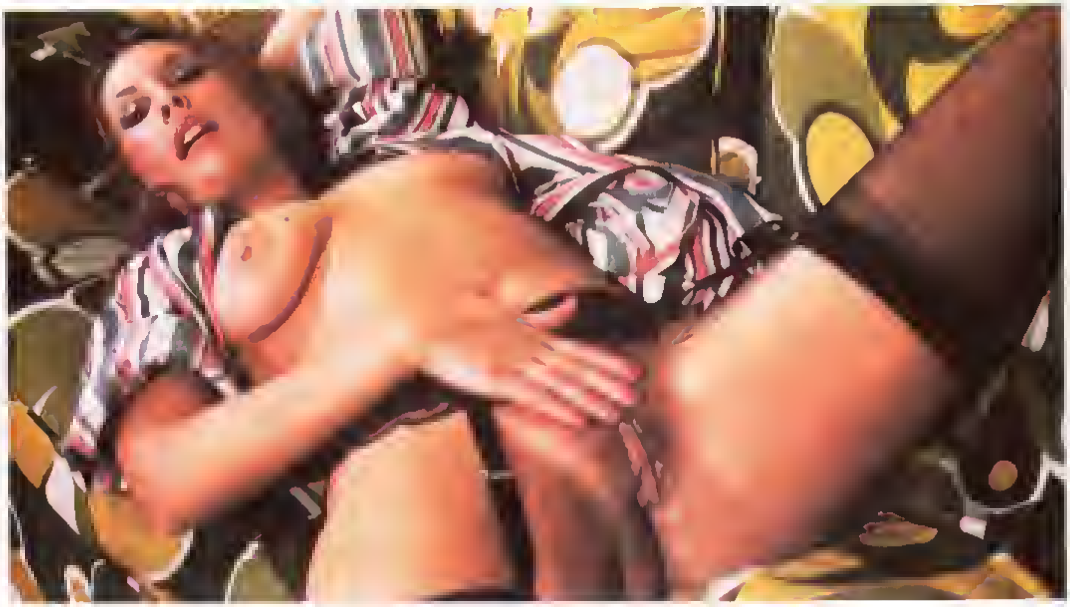
little dicky end balls in case I might care to sample their delights before his plans took off at Heathrow the following morning. Bob always got drowned inside my cunt which was far too large for his little prick which rarely grew to more than five inches at fullest. Can you blame me for getting so excited at the instant growth inside Harry's pants? I implored the guy to let down his trousers which he did with a speed and an enthusiasm that earmarked him as an opportunist of the first waters. And an exhibitionist as well with several film awards and an Oscar or two I thought as I watched him strip down his little fancy striped briefs to midway down his thighs

I was not, however, prepared for the magnificent sight that met my eyes when he laid back on my settee with his trousers round his ankles and his striped briefs just above his knees. For there reared into view, and reared is the best word, there reared into view a prick so pink and so magnificent and so thick and so long that I had to grab it with two hands and not one, my dear, in order to appreciate its way-out girth. I mean, when a girl's fingers will not meet her thumb when she encircles the rod its quite something

My first thought was not to have this Maypole up me but to make it work before my very eyes. So while this Knight of the Road, this Happy Harry character lay back on the cushions on the settee I held his circumcised







monster in one hand and began to rub it up and down, opening my own thighs up as well in order to let the come-juices in me trickle out down the insides of my thighs. As one's mouth waters at the sight of good food, so one's cunthips water at the sight of a delectable nob, you know, Mr Managing Director. You never suspected Harry was such an instant telegraph pole man. No, well, one supposes not. After all Harry is hardly a homo and he would not be likely to go round displaying himself to the male staff. But I feel sure darling, that most of the girls in your employ in your business must know about him and I really don't doubt that the majority of them have stood, a few feet away from him from time to time while he has attempted to skewer them. I would say that it is quite impossible for Harry to get right up, but right up to his rosy bollocks into a girl. I thought I was long and deep enough inside but Harry certainly still had lots left outside me when later we shagged in various erotic positions.

Harry was great in self-control, all-systems-go. I expect it came from long practice and the desire to keep up appearances for as long as possible, if you get what I mean. My long experience of exhibitionist males is that they are loath to come too soon when being wanked or sucked because the exhibition would end too soon. So, like I said, Harry kept himself in check for twenty minutes wank time, the longest time I have ever had to go on rubbing a prick up and down from the hairy shaft to the deep purple, shiny, glistening, dew speckled, come-frothed nob!

You really must pardon me if I wax poetic over Harry. His prick and balls turned me on like no other set ever has, or ever will. Eventually, with my other hand on his balls I felt that sudden tightening up and felt the balls moving around in the pink bag and my vast experience of these things ever since I was sixteen and wanked a schoolboy of fourteen in a hayrick, my vast experience, darling, told me that Harry was about to come with a capital C. And, if the milkman hadn't called that morning I would have had enough for several cups of tea and coffee, for Harry just fountained and spurted up and out like a foam fire extinguisher. It dropped in glistening white pools on his parted thighs, on my opened thighs, on the hair above my pussy, on his tummy and on the carpet between his legs. It took a full packet of Handy Andys to clear it all up afterwards. I am not averse to the sight of ejaculated spunk from the male. I think it is a very pleasing sight when one knows, darling, that one has milked it all up out of a fella's body after having manufactured it all inside his loins and balls. Gives a feeling of accomplishment, so I wasn't cross with him over his deluge and I volunteered to mop up the flood afterwards with some considerable pleasure while he looked on with a certain boyish pride that completely disarmed me.

After he and I were dried up I was determined to make this ten incher (and not an inch out, believe me, I measured it), come up again in double-quick time. In order to do this I sat spread-thighed on the settee and made him sit between my thighs and watch me treat myself to a womanly cum-rub. He watched with evident satisfaction as I opened up my pink white-frothed lips to expose my pretty little clitoris and the wide open hole that he would soon attempt to invade. I am a past mistress at the art of wanking (masturbation to you darling), and I very soon had myself well under way as I looked down at Harry's opened thighs as he knelt in the front row of the orchestra stall gazing at the one-act play I was staging for him. I saw his prick pulsing up like the neck of an aroused swan until it was running along the line of his fat tummy, way way past his navel and I made a mental note of the fact that I was sure he would only have to bend down a little to be able to take the shiny nob in his mouth and fellate himself. I rubbed away with considerable alacrity, inserting three fingers into my well-explored self and watching with interest the look on his face as he saw the womanly flesh sucking my fingers in and pushing them out almost without any actual hand-movements on myself. A girl can get so turned on, you know, darling, her minge just, automatically sucks any object from a cucumber to a vibrator to a finger to a prick in and out while she comes all round it with a great flow of her transparent, clear waters. In addition, my fingers were making the most erotic slurping and sloshing sounds inside me that would turn any man on and make a baby of ten come inside his drawers!

Don't have a premature come Harry, I warned him as I saw his nob-end start to swell up like a young tomato and saw the shaft pulsing wildly against his tum. Unless, of course, I added, you can guarantee to get a stiff on again for a suck and again for a fuck? "Leave it to me lady," he smiled up at me, "I'm a five-come-man-per-session so just don't you panic about it! Just go ahead and wank off while you watch me."

So I slid down further onto my back on the settee while he continued to watch me from his kneeling position and I laid back and down so that I could lift my legs and thighs right up into the air and afford him a view now, not only of my cunt but the space between my cunt and my dark arsehole. The sight intrigued him and I could almost see his brains going round double-time at the thought of getting up my forbidden hole. The thought must have got too much for him for, with me lying back like that but still able to gaze upon his prick, I saw this sudden pulsing, spasming lashing and out of the dark hole in his glistening nob there shot a series of milky-white gushes and he didn't even have his hand on his cock. A great tribute to me I thought, that just by looking at me masturbating myself he was able to come like that. As I went on coming myself darling, this monster of a man gradually stopped coming and splattering the place and himself again. When he finished and there was no more to shoot out that trip, he calmly bent down and picking up my fragile little black lacy drawers began to wipe his nob-end and his thighs and the silver-white stuff went all over my black drawers and all over the crotch of them.

This kinky display ended the wank-sex session for, actually darling, I had been waiting for the moment to arrive to watch him come again and, at sight of it happening to him I flooded and shot out my own particular womanly spunk.

The session ended with my taking my spunk-sodden drawers from him and followed by him to the bathroom, I put them in a bowl of hot water in the bathroom. Harry stood by my side watching the sensuel operation as the hot water turned misty and milky with his stuff swirling off my drawers into the blue rinse water. Then into my kitchen for a well-needed snack of mid-morning coffee and sandwiches. Both of us still stark naked darling. At least Harry was but I still wore my garterbelt and black silk stockings.

Back in the lounge later I said to Harry "now you great big stallion, you stud, I showed you me wanking, howe about you showing me you wanking?"

"With pleasure," grinned Harry, bringing his long but limp prick up with a few deft movements of his practised hand. He lay back on the settee and it was my turn to kneel between his opened thighs to watch the operation. It's quite something to watch a man do this to himself, far more spectacular I always think, than it is for a girl to demonstrate to a fella doing it on herself. He took the gigantic tool in his hand and I saw he could not make a complete circle of it with his hands, I mean, his fingers would not quite meet his thumb as he held it. Apparently he could do it without having to slide his hand back and forth over the shiny nob itself. It was quite enough to rub the shaft and to massage the delicate spermatic cord at the top of the nob to bring himself off. This meant that his nob was exposed to me all of the time that he was wanking.

So I was able to watch the purple extremity swelling up each time he pulled on his cord and stretched the flesh of his shaft right tight down to the base where it all sprang out from his body. As I watched I felt my heavy breests with my hands and rubbed my horny nipples and started to come off inside me. A white pearl of his come was already outside the hole in his nob and I reached out a finger and rubbed it into the silky flesh to make his nob look even more spectacular. His prick pulsed violently as my finger-tip massaged the nob and, by that time his pink balls in their bag turned a livid red, or darling, should I say, his bag had turned from pink to red, and the bag was round and hard and twice the size it

was before he had wanked.

Then he started to breath real heavy and to raise his hips and bottom up and down off the settee and it was interesting to see that his body began to demand the male fuck-movements as well as the hand massage, as if Nature was asserting itself and telling his body to be inside a woman, the natural way. I suppose it is the rapid and rhythmic movements of the hips and the loins and the pelvis in a man as well as the friction to the cock that precipitates his coma? Anyway, darling, I almost saw the white milk rising up in his shaft and then it all spurted out of him again, shooting up into the air in white, frothy globbins of man-coma, falling down on his thighs, his tummy, the floor, flashing around onto the settee and a few drops direct onto my swollen titties. For the rest, it flowed down over his knuckles and fingers and onto his balls.

He took his hand away and lay back, his prick oulsing about in mid air at the tops of his thighs, loath to go down, it seemed, for it remained stiff and very red.

"Would I get some of your prick into my mouth?" I asked him. "The nob at least?"

He grinned and said "lots of girls have managed to do it so far" he said.'

"They must choke on all that come," I replied.

"I always warn them when I am about to come," he said, "so that they can have a chance to pull away and to finish me off by hand."

"I think I would prefer to take it," I said.

"Have you do you gam?" asked Happy Harry.

"I have done so many times," I replied. "With Bob my husband, he's so small that I can take the lot in my mouth but he never allows me to swallow his stuff. He's rather a shy and easily embarrassed man actually. It's all I can do to wank him off, whenever I feel like it which ain't often. He's a quick in, up, off and out man before I've ever had a chance to come off myself."

"Most unfortunate," smiled Harry "and very selfish."

"Yes," I replied. "I bet you would make a girl a fine considerate husband.

"I would be considerate," said Harry, "but not consistent. I mean I could not stick to one girl all of the time."

"You are too keen," I countered, "on exposing yourself, showing all you have got."

"Well, that's it, I guess," he replied. "After all, it would bore me soff to know that only one girl in my life saw what I've got."

"You are prick-possessed really I suppose," I went on.

"I guess so," Harry grinned. "Ever since I was fifteen and at school in the sports dressing room I had started to realise that I had an outsize dong and the boys used to flock around me and I used to look at their dongs and see how small they were up against mine."

After realising at that age that I was something very special and after seeing that as the months went by I was getting longer and longer and thicker when I was on the horn I began to get obsessed with the idea of letting girls, schoolgirls, see how fantastic I was. I quickly became an out-and-out exhibitionist. I was compulsed to show it off. I seldom sat in class without a horn on even when I was with the boys and when we all sat in mixed classes for certain lessons and I saw the schoolgirls with naked thighs underneath their short school skirts and looked at some of the girls who were exhibitionist by nature and who always did their best to show off their knickers under their schoolskirt by the way they sat in the classrooms and walked around and that, I was constantly on the horn and of course the girls all started to talk about me. Very soon it was quite the established thing for me to let the girls see it, my prick that is. I would show it off to them in corners of the playground or in the sports field or in the changing rooms and then the girls got to wanting to either watch me wank or to wank me themselves. You see – I was lost from the very beginning, wasn't I?"

"You just gotta fuck me with that tool now," I demanded Harry when he started to come up again after his demonstration of wanking himself off. So we had it from the rear, me kneeling on the floor on all fours and him sort of fixed in me from behind with his legs stretched out either side of my hips and his bottom up in the air while he knelt on the floor and leaned back on his outstretched arms. Of course, darling, he made it. I mean, he was only just over

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halfway in and up me. That's as much of him that I could take. But it was enough, darling! for he jerked back and forth in me at that angle and I felt it hitting me bang up against my womb and almost tearing right into it and getting locked up inside the lips of my cervix. I couldn't feel his bollocks bouncing on and off against my naked bottom because he just couldn't get into that depth But it was a smashing fuck darling, and I just flooded his prick with my white frothy stuff and we both heard the slippery, sloppy, slushy sounds of the in-out, in-out, in-out choreography I looked down between my thighs, down my tummy that is, and saw the part that couldn't get into me moving in and out and of course his ball-bag flopping back and forth with his energetic movements.

Then we had his ejaculation squirting up into me and the muscles of my stretched cunt expended and contracted round his turgid prick, extracting all he'd got to come into me I felt the hot stuff scalding my insides and actually spurting into my womb. I fantasised about my ovum rushing down my fallopian tubes deep up inside me and catching one of the millions of white seeds swimming around in my womb and trying to make a baby inside me. Thank goodness for the Pill I thought, darling!

After that peculiar reer-entry position I asked Harry to do me in the conventional face-to-face position He did this with consumate skill on the white sheepskin carpet lying straight down on top of me as of course he could with his huge prick wall up into me with plenty of space to spare

His herd chest rubbed against and pressed onto my breasts My nipples which he had just sucked to death, rubbed against the hairs of his chest and sent additional waves of screaming orgasms searing right through me I gripped his three-inch thick, ten inch tool between my tightly closed thighs and sucked him up into my body with the extremes of pleasure, darling I am very clever at the art of cunt muscle squeazing you know, and it was a real pleasure to get those strong muscles of mine around his flesh and to squeeze and release and squeeze and release as if I was milking a cow's tit. While he was fucking away at me and I was milking him I fantasised about doing the 69 with him with his thighs spread out right over my face and his ten-incher in my mouth, well, about four inches of it and the rest plus his balls outside my mouth and me being able, from that angle, to look up at him and my busy mouth milking him out, again like a girl milking a cow's tit! Dreadful, darling I thought, how lustful I was being with this casually calling Insurance Salesman! I mean, being fucked by him and thinking about doing 69 with him at the same time! How sexy can you get?

So O.K then there was this explosion in me like I just said and for a split second after it had started I pretended it was all going into my mouth and down my throat. I was so het up with this new desire that half-an-hour later I got down between his open thighs and knelt up between them and messaged his balls so that his prick began to rise up again. When it was full capacity I opened my mouth real wide and took his enormous tomato-sized-and-shaped nob in my lips and started to suck it like a raspberry switched to the sheepskin rug and he knelt over me and just as I had fantasised as he had been face-to-face fucking me I had his prick in my mouth pointing downwards And of course, darling, his face was between my thighs, wide open as they were and he was sucking my fleshy lips and then getting my stiff red clit in his mouth and sucking that too I just grew hot screaming, streaming red hot in my clit and I felt for chrissake let it turn into a prick man and let me be able to shoot out milk like Harry and all the boys But of course it stayed at just being a girl's stiff clit with no hole in the end and no spunk shooting out of it. Still, a girl's got what a girl's got whet a girl's got and I reckon I should be grateful!

Then he shot his lot into my mouth and I swallowed it all calmly and with growing excitement and he sucked violently at my cunt and shot his tongue into it deep as he came and it was all this and heaven too between us

Well Mr Managing Director, Sir darling, that's the story of what went on between Happy Harry and me that sunny hot morning in my Surrey pad with Bob, my

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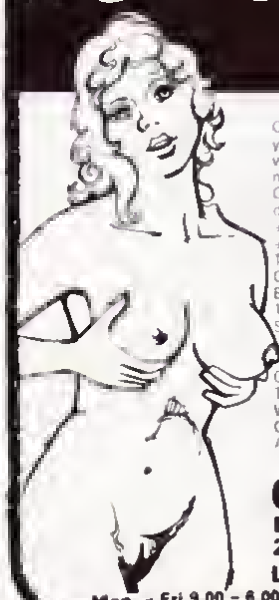

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husband on the Continent of Europe. As for the Insurance Policy I signed up with Harry on behalf of your firm, did I sign up before Harry took his trousers down or after – after the ball (balls) was over and his dong had gone limp and he was putting it away, back into his little striped nylon briefs?

It would be a compliment to Harry's salesmanship if I said, I signed the Policy before he took his trousers down and I snatched off his briefs to take a butchers at his prick but that simply would not be so. It was after Harry had serviced me for six thousand miles of sexual desire that I signed the Policy, not before.

And what had convinced me? Harry's prick and making techniques. Not his sales-talk selling technique. Now, I could have not signed that Policy after the wanking and the sucking and the fucking bits were all over. I mean, darling, I could have said O.K. stud, you've had your fun and so have I. Now, I don't want any more Insurance to take out. But I didn't – right? I signed that expensive Policy after the ball was over because I was so grateful to Harry for showing me such a fantastic

good time and for making me feel a real woman. I signed the Policy because Harry is a fantastic Insurance Salesman. His pen is his prick and his best policy is his sexual expertise. I reckon it's as much to his credit that he sold me on cunt and cock as it would have been had he sold me on smooth sales talk. And every time I send the monthly cheque for the Policy I think of Happy Harry! After he had gone I went back to my portable typewriter on the small table in the lounge and all I could type for some time was Harry's Prick is out-of-this-world!

Keep that boy, Mr Managing Director. It may well be an eye-opener to you that he is more clever with the prick than with the pen, but does it really matter? An ounce of his seminal fluid is worth a whole spiel of sales talk. But don't give Harry a managerial job behind a desk in this office. He wouldn't be able to stand not travelling around on his territory any more, wining frustrated housewives with his ten inch cock, believe me! He's your firm's biggest asset – and I mean – biggest!